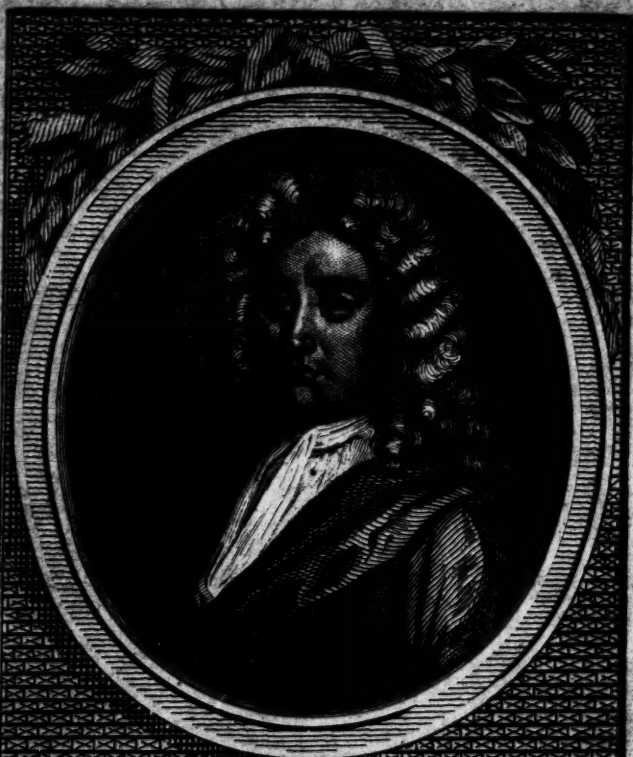
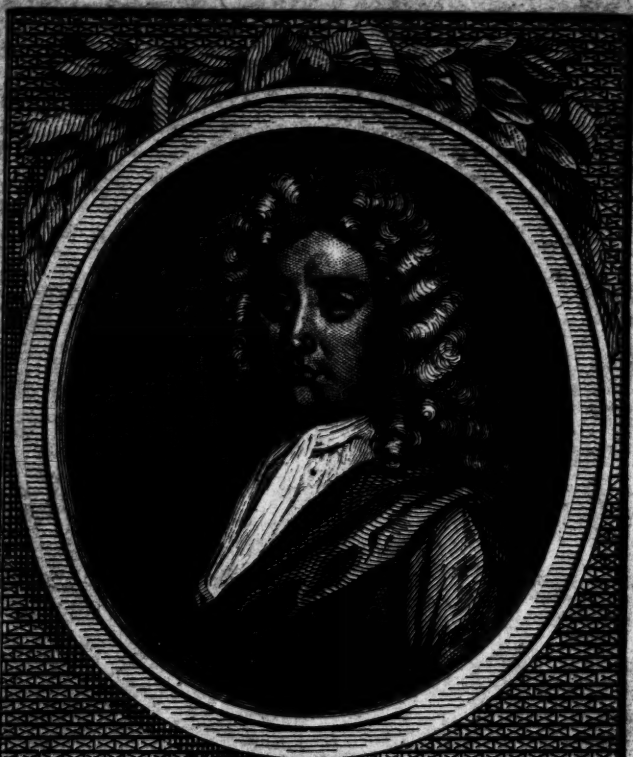




NICHOLAS ROWE.



NICHOLAS ROWE.

THE GREAT BRITAIN,
 CHANDLER & MURCHILL.



ROWER.

Her Glance was fix'd, as o'er the deep he rode,
 Forbear, he cried, fond Maid, this needless fear.

Albion and the Sea.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
NICHOLAS ROWE.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Next Shakespeare skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.

POPE.

Enough for him that Congreve was his friend,
That Garth, and Steele, and Addison, commend,
That Brunswick with the bays his temples bound,
And Parker with immortal honours crown'd. AMHURST.

Sacred Shade! thy Writings shall be read
Till even arts are with their founders dead;
Whilst friendship burns within a faithful breast
Thy name be cherish'd and thy worth confess:
Oblivion is the common mortal's doom,
But thou shalt live when dead and flourish in the tomb!

BECKINGHAM.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1781.

POLITICAL WORKS

558

NICHOLAS ROWE.

WOLF: THE LIFE OF THE ARTIST



1999

TEACHING

MATHIEU, 1978]

EDINBURGH

At the Hotel Bristol, at the Martins,

287 x 0.001.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
NICHOLAS ROWE.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,	SONGS,
EPISTLES,	PROLOGUES,
EPIGRAMS,	EPILOGUES,
ODES,	IMITATIONS,

U. C. C.

Surprise or joy alike to yield
Thy various artful Muse was made,
To dress the warrior for the field,
Or paint the lover in his shade.-----

Such force fair Virtue does impart
By thee presented to our view,
It moves and melts each stubborn heart;
Her brightness cannot quite subdue.-----

Would she once more her skies forsake
What other features could she chuse,
What fairer form the goddess take,
To bless mankind than from thy Muse?

NEWCOMB.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS,

Anno 1781.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
NICHOLAS ROWE.

CONTAINING HIS

SONGS,	MISCELLANIES,
PROLOGUES,	EPITAPHS,
EPICURES,	EPICRAMS,
IMITATIONS,	QUEST,



to be preserved in the British Museum
by the gift of the author
of the works of Nicholas Rowe
Esq. to the Trustees of the British Museum
in the year 1763
The Trustees of the British Museum
have the honor to acknowledge
the receipt of the above works
and to certify that they are
now deposited in the
British Museum
NEWCOMB

EDINBURG:
AT THE BELL & CO. BY THE MARRING.
AUGUST 1811.

THE LIFE OF
NICHOLAS ROWE.

This excellent poet was descended from an ancient family in Devonshire, which had for many ages made a very good figure in that county, and was known by the name of The Rowes of Lambertown. Mr. Rowe could trace his ancestors in a direct line up to the times of the Holy War, in which one of them so distinguished himself that at his return he had the arms given him which the family has borne ever since, that being in those days all the reward of military virtue, or of blood spilt in those expeditions.

From that time downward to Mr. Rowe's father the family betook themselves to the frugal management of a private fortune, and the innocent pleasures of a country life. Having a handsome estate, they lived beyond the fear of want or reach of envy. In all the changes of government they are said to have ever leaned towards the side of publick liberty, and in that retired situation of life have beheld with grief and concern the many encroachments that have been made in it from time to time.

Our Author's father was the first of his family who changed a country life for a liberal profession, in order to which after he had passed through the schools at home he was brought up to London, and entered a student in the Middle Temple, was called to the bar,

and at length created a Sergeant at Law. He was a gentleman in great esteem for many engaging qualities, had very considerable practice at the bar, and stood very fair for the first vacancy on the bench at the time of his death, which happened on the 30th April 1692. He was interred in the Temple church 7th May following. In the reign of James II. he published *Sergeant Benloe's* and *Judge Dalison's Reports*, and in the Preface had the honesty and boldness to observe at that time, when a dispensing power was set up as inheret in the Crown, how moderate those two great lawyers had been in their opinions concerning the extent of the royal prerogative.

Nicholas Rowe, the subject of this Memoir, was born at Little Berkford in Bedfordshire, at the house of Jasper Edwards, Esq. his mother's father, in the year 1673*. He began his education at a private grammar school in Highgate; but the taste he there acquired of the *Classick* authors was improved and finished under the care of the famous Dr. Busby of Westminster School, where about the age of twelve years he was chosen one of the King's Scholars. Besides his skill in the Latin and Greek languages he had made a tolerable proficiency in the Hebrew; but poetry was his early bent and darling study. He composed at diffe-

* The Authors of the *Biographia* place his birth so far back as the 1663; but as Mr. Rowe died in 1718, and in the forty-fifth year of his age, it is evidently a chronological error.

tent times several copies of verses upon various subjects both in Greek and Latin, and some in English, which were much admired, and the more so because they were produced with so much facility, and seemed to flow from his imagination as fast as from his pen.

His father, who designed him for his own profession, took him from Westminster school when about sixteen years of age, and entered him a student in the Middle Temple, whereof he himself was a member, that he might have him under his immediate care and instruction. Being capable of any part of knowledge to which he thought proper to apply, he made very remarkable advances in the study of the law, and was not content to know it as a collection of statutes or customs only, but as a system founded upon right reason, and calculated for the good of mankind. Being called to the bar he promised as fair to make a figure in that profession as any of his contemporaries, if the love of the *belles lettres*, and poetry in particular, had not stopped him in his career. To him there appeared more charms in Euripides, Sophocles, and Æschilus, than in all the records of Antiquity, and when he came to discern the beauties of Shakespeare and Milton his soul was captivated beyond recovery, and he began to think with contempt of all other excellencies when put in the balance with the enchantments of poetry and genius.

Mr. Rowe had the best opportunity of rising to

eminence in the law by means of the patronage of Sir George Treby, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who was fond of him to a very great degree, and had it in his power to promote him. Dr. Welwood, from whom we have this information, observes that Sir George was one of the finest gentlemen as well as one of the greatest lawyers of that time, and it was to the genteel part of this study that Mr. Rowe chiefly applied himself.

Our Author however being overcome by his propensity to poetry, and his first tragedy *The Ambitious Step-mother*, meeting with universal applause, he laid aside all thoughts of the law. This tragedy, written in the 23th year of Mr. Rowe's age, was his first attempt in the drama. It was dedicated to the Earl of Jersey. It is conducted with less judgment than any other of our Author's tragedies; it has an infinite deal of fire in it; the business is precipitate, and the characters active; and, what is somewhat remarkable, Mr. Rowe never after wrote a play with so much elevation. "The purity of the language," says Mr. Welwood, "the justness of his characters, the noble elevation of the sentiments, were all of them admirably adapted to the plan of the play*."

* Critics have complained of the sameness of his poetry; that he makes all his characters speak equally elegant, and has not attended sufficiently to the manners. This uniformity of versification in the opinion of some has spoiled our modern tragedies, as poetry is made to supply nature, and declama-

His next tragedy, *Tamerlane*, appeared in 1702, was acted at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and

tion characters. Whether this observation is well founded we shall not at present examine, only remark that if any poet has a right to be forgiven for this error Mr. Rowe certainly has, as his cadence is the sweetest in the world, his sentiments chaste, and his language elegant.—It has been well observed that there runs through all our Author's plays an air of religion and virtue, attended with all the social duties of life, and a constant and untainted love of his country; that his Muse was so religiously chaste that not one word could be found in any of his writings which might admit even of a double *entendre* in point of decency or morals. There is nothing in them to feed the depraved taste of nibbling at Scripture, or depreciating things in themselves sacred. And it is the less wonder that he observed this rule with his pen, since we are assured that in his ordinary conversation, when his mirth and humour enlivened the whole company, he used to express his dissatisfaction in the severest manner against any thing that looked that way. On the other hand, being much conversant in the Sacred writings, it is observable that to raise the highest ideas of virtue he has with great art, in several of his tragedies, made use of those expressions and metaphors in them that taste most of the sublime. Dr. Welwood extends this observation to his other writings; to which The Epigram on a Lady who shed her Water at seeing the Tragedy of Cato may perhaps be thought an exception, in which we find these lines;

Here nature reigns and passion void of art,
For this road leads directly to the heart.

One would be apt indeed to conclude from this poem that Mr. Rowe, as well as all others, was not absolutely without his gay moments, did not the instance plainly appear to be the effect of party zeal;

Whilst maudlin Whigs deplore their Cato's fate,
Still with dry eyes the Tory Celia sat, &c.
But to return to his tragedies. Softness was his characteristick

dedicated to the Marquis of Hartington. "This was
 "the tragedy upon which Mr. Rowe valued him-
 "self most *," says Mr. Welwood. "In it," conti-
 "nues the same gentleman, "he aimed at a parallel
 "between the late King William and Tamerlane,
 "and also Bajazet and a monarch who is since dead.
 "That glorious ambition in Tamerlane to break the
 "chains of enslaved nations, and to set mankind free
 "from the encroachments of lawless power, are paint-
 "ed in the most lively as well as the most amiable
 "colours. On the other side his manner of introdu-
 "cing on the stage a prince whose chief aim is to per-
 "petuate his name to posterity by that havoc and
 "ruin he scatters through the world, are all drawn
 "with that pomp of horror and detestation which
 "such monstrous actions deserve. And since nothing
 "could be more calculated for raising in the minds of
 "talent; and excepting Otway he is more moving than any other
 "poet of that age; and his diction is more exactly dramatick
 "than any other modern author. Cibber informs us that nobody
 "consulted the dignity of the stage more, nor expressed greater
 "disdain at the introduction of the pantomimes.

* A poetical genius, inflamed as he was in the highest degree
 with a passion for liberty and an abhorrence of slavery, must
 needs be singularly delighted with writing those scenes in
 which the happy effects of the former are so beautifully con-
 trasted with the horrors of the latter, under the persons of
 Tamerlane and Bajazet; and this pleasure became exquisitely
 complete by the view which he had of couching under the
 characters of these two princes those of William III. and
 Lewis XIV.

“ the audience a true passion of liberty, and a just abhorrence of slavery, how this play came to be discouraged, next to a prohibition, in the latter end of Queen Anne’s reign, I leave it to others to give a reason *.”

Thus far Dr. Welwood, who has endeavoured to point out the similarity of the character of Tamerlane to that of King William, though the parallel apparently halts, history assigning no other qualities to Tamerlane than those which go toward making a conqueror. But it was the mode of the times to abuse Lewis, to detract from what was truly meritorious in him, and to deck William in the spoils

* This play, after having kept possession of the stage from its first appearance till about 1710, seems to have been then discouraged next to a prohibition. This has been remarked with disdain in the above passage by Dr. Welwood, who says, “ I leave it to others to give a reason.” That reason is observed not only to be obvious, but honourable to those who did it, and indeed is conceded in the Doctor’s own remark, “ that though King William was dead yet Lewis XIV. was then alive.” The insult here made upon him was therefore justly deemed very unfit to be particularly authorised by any other crowned head, as must be understood whenever the play was acted by the royal company of comedians. Nor is that all: this much applauded piece, though it has numbers of exceeding fine verses, is thought by many very good judges, though not by the multitude, to be our Author’s worst tragedy. Besides its being a flattering picture, unlike a prince then living at its first appearance, and a party play, the love scenes interwove in it are very tedious and tiresome, and ill timed into the bargain.

thus wantonly ravished from Lewis. Though it is certainly true that Tamerlane contains grander sentiments than any other of Mr. Rowe's plays, yet it may be a matter of dispute whether Tamerlane ought to give name to the play, for Tamerlane is victorious and Bajazet the sufferer. It may also be observed, that besides the fate of these two monarchs there is likewise contained in it the episode of Monefes and Arpasia, which is of itself sufficiently distressful to make the subject of a tragedy. The attention is diverted from the fall of Bajazet, which ought to have been the main design, and bewildered in the fortunes of Monefes and Arpasia, Axalla and Selima. There are in short in this play events enough for four, and in the variety and importance of them Tamerlane and Bajazet must be too much neglected. All the characters in a play should be subordinate to the leading one, and their business in the drama subservient to promote his fate : but this performance is not the tragedy of Bajazet or Tamerlane only, but likewise the tragedies of Monefes and Arpasia, Axalla and Selima. Tamerlane has for a long time been performed only annually on the 4th and 5th of November, in commemoration of the gunpowder treason and the landing of King William in this realm, when an occasional prologue is spoken.

In 1703 appeared *The Fair Penitent*, our Author's next tragedy. It was acted at the theatre in Lincoln's-

Inn-Fields, and dedicated to the Duchess of Ormond. This is one of the most finished performances of our Author, and one of the most pleasing tragedies on the stage, of which it still keeps, and probably will long keep, possession, the story being of a domestick nature, the fable interesting, and the language delightful. The character of Sciolto is strongly marked: Horatio is the most amiable of all characters, and is so sustained as to strike an audience very forcibly. In this as in the former play Mr. Rowe is guilty of a misnomer, for his Calista has not the least claim to be called The Fair Penitent, which would be better changed to The Fair Wanton; for she discovers not one pang of remorse till the last act, and that seems to arise more from the external distress to which she is then exposed than to any compunctions of conscience. She still loves and dotes on her base betrayer. In this character Rowe has been true to the sex, in drawing a woman, as she generally is, fond of her seducer; but he has not drawn a Penitent. The character of Altamont is one of those which the players observe is the hardest to represent of any in the drama; there is a kind of meanness in him, joined with an unsuspecting honest heart, and a doting fondness for the false fair one, that is very difficult to illustrate. This part has of late been generally given to performers of but very moderate abilities, by which the play suffers prodigiously, and Altamont, who is really one of the most

important persons in the drama, is beheld with neglect, or perhaps with contempt, but seldom with pity. Altamont in the hands of a good actor would draw the eyes of the audience notwithstanding the blustering Lothario and the superiour dignity of Horatio, for there is something in Altamont to create our pity and work upon our compassion.

Mr. Rowe's next tragedy was *Ulysses*, first acted in the 1706 at the Queen's theatre in the Hay-Market, and dedicated to the Earl of Godolphin. This play is not at present in possession of the stage, though it deserves highly to be so, as the character of Penelope is an excellent example of conjugal fidelity. This play has business, passion, and tragick propriety, to recommend it.

Same year (1706) Mr. Rowe wrote a comedy of three acts called *The Biter*: it was performed at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, but without success, our Author's genius not lying towards comedy. Notwithstanding its unfavourable reception by the audience it is said Rowe himself was highly delighted with this play.

Our Author's *Royal Convert* was brought upon the stage in the 1708, and was first acted at the Queen's theatre in the Hay-Market, and dedicated to the Earl of Halifax. The fable of this play is taken from dark and barbarous times, and the scene is native, being laid among our ancestors. *Rhodogune* is a character

highly tragical, vicious with a mind that must have been truly heroick if formed to virtue.

In the 1714 appeared *Jane Shore*, written in imitation of Shakespeare's style, first acted at the theatre-royal in Drury-Lane, and dedicated to the Duke of Queensberry and Dover. How Mr. Rowe could imagine that this play was written at all in Shakespeare's style we cannot conceive, since it bears not the least resemblance to that of Shakespeare. The conduct of the design is regular, and in that sense it partakes not of Shakespeare's wildness; the poetry is uniform, which marks it to be Rowe's, but in that it is very different from Shakespeare, whose excellency does not consist merely in the beauty of soft language or nightingale descriptions, but in the general power of his drama, the boldness of the images, and the force of his characters. As this play chiefly exhibits familiar scenes and private distress it takes possession of the heart, and will probably long retain possession of the stage.

Our Author's last tragedy was *Lady Jane Grey*, first performed in the 1715, and dedicated to the Earl of Warwick. Mr. Edmund Smith, author of *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, designed writing a tragedy on this subject, and at his death left some loose hints and short sketches of scenes which were put into Mr. Rowe's hands, who acknowledges he borrowed part of one scene, and inserted it in his third act, *viz.* that between

Guilford and Lady Jane. It is not much to be regretted that Mr. Smith did not finish this play, since it fell into the hands of one so much above him as a dramatist; for if we may judge of Mr. Smith's abilities of writing for the stage by his *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, it would not have been so well executed as by Rowe. *Phædra* and *Hippolitus* is a play without passion, though of inimitable versification; and in the words of a late poet we may say of it that not the character but the poet speaks†.

Mr. Rowe about the 1715 or 1716 attempted something towards a tragedy upon the story of the Rape of *Lucretia*. In the beginning of the 1715 he was in the country with Mr. Pope, and during his stay their conversation often turned upon the subject of a new tragedy. The death of Charles I. was mentioned, but it was thought too recent; that the characters of the present age would be touched in those of their families engaged in that affair, and perhaps some offence in the free speeches of the Republicans given

† It may justly be said of all Rowe's tragedies, that never poet painted virtue, religion, and all the relative and social duties of life in a more alluring dress on the stage, nor were ever vice and impiety better exposed to contempt and abhorrence. There is nothing to be found in them to flatter a depraved populace, or humour a fashionable folly: they were written from the heart: he practised the virtue he admired, and never in his gayest moments suffered himself to talk loosely upon religious or moral subjects, or to turn any thing sacred, or which good men revered as such, into ridicule.

to the Crown; it was therefore set aside. Mr. Pope advised him to rescue the Queen of Scots out of the hands of Banks, as he had done by the Lady Jane Grey before, which Mr. Rowe said he would consider of; but if he should attempt such a thing he would by no means introduce Queen Elisabeth, observing that where she appeared all the queens and heroines upon earth would make but a little figure.† Other subjects were talked of, but what Mr. Rowe himself seemed most inclined to was the Rape of Lucretia; nor was it any objection that Thomas Haywood, a poet and an actor in the reigns of Elisabeth and James, had wrote on the same plot. It is a very great pity that Mr. Rowe's ill health and short time of life (for he lived but little above two years after) prevented him from putting his design in execution. Some few verses he had wrote for the character of Lucretia, but many of the lines were left unfinished, nor did any of

† Cibber gives this tale a somewhat different turn; his words are, "Mr. Rowe was a great admirer of Queen Elisabeth, and as he could not well plan a play upon the Queen of Scots' story without introducing his favourite princess, who in that particular makes but an indifferent figure, he chose to decline it; besides, he knew that if he favoured the northern lady there was a strong party concerned to crush it; and if he should make her appear less great than she was, and throw a shade over her real endowments, he should violate truth, and incur the displeasure of a faction which though by far the minority he knew would be yet too powerful for a poet to combat with."

them receive the last correction from his hand, though there might be seen in them what entitles Mr. Rowe to the character given him by Mr. Amburst, in his Poem on the Death of Mr. Addison, of "Soft complaining Rowe."

Mr. Rowe likewise published an edition of the works of Shakespeare, and prefixed the life of that great man from materials which he had been industrious to collect in the county where Shakespeare was born, and to which after he had filled the world with admiration of his genius he retired. To this edition, published in the 1709, he also prefixed a Preface. If this edition added not to Mr. Rowe's fame, it at least increased the popularity of his author.

It would be injurious to the memory of Mr. Rowe to omit taking notice of his translations of Quillet's Callipædia, and Lucan's Pharsalia: the versification in both is musical, and well adapted to the subject; nor is there any reason to doubt but that the true meaning of the original is faithfully preserved throughout the whole *. These translations however, with Mr.

* "The version of Lucan," says Dr. Johnson, "is one of the greatest productions of English poetry, for there is perhaps none that so completely exhibits the genius and spirit of the original." He adds, "The Pharsalia of Rowe deserves more notice than it obtains, and as it is more read will be more esteemed."—Our Author in his last sickness having desired Dr. Welwood to take the trouble of publishing this book, (which is dedicated to the King by his widow, according to our Poet's desire) the dying request was faithfully executed

Rowe's Occasional Poems, (which last are completely collected in this volume) are but little read, and he is most distinguished as a dramattick writer. For this neglect we shall not pretend to assign a reason; but we may observe that a Muse capable of producing so many excellent dramattick pieces cannot be supposed to have executed any plan indifferently. M. H. W.

When the Duke of Queensberry was promoted to the office of Secretary of State he appointed Mr. Rowe his Undersecretary, and admitted him to a near familiarity and friendship, that nobleman being never

by that friend, who observes that it was our Poet's great love of liberty that inclined him to undertake this translation; and that perhaps he was farther animated to it by the conduct of the French translator Brabeuf, who had the honest boldness to publish such a work in his native language, so diametrically opposite to the maxims of the prince then reigning; and that too when all the other classicks were published for the use of the Dauphin, and Lucan alone prohibited. It is likewise observable that the Frenchman in some places has carried the heat of Lucan further than Lucan himself, and by attempting the fire of his author has fired himself much more. The Frenchman's translation is however in the main admirably well executed. Lucan was also translated into English by Mr. May in 1635, but his performance does not reach the spirit or sense of the original. The language and versification are yet worse, and fall infinitely short of the lofty numbers and propriety of expression in which Mr. Rowe excels. Mr. Addison, in *The Freeholder*, No. 40. recommended our Author's undertaking from some specimens which he had before given the world of it; wherein, says that excellent critick, "the fire of the original is not only kept up, but the sentiments delivered with greater perspicuity, and in a tenderer turn of phrase and verse."

more delighted than when in his company. He continued in this employment near three years, till the death of his patron; after which event all avenues were stopped to his preferment; and during the rest of Queen Anne's reign he passed his time with the Muses, his books, and his friends.

While Mr. Rowe was thus without a patron he went one day to pay his court to the Earl of Oxford, Lord High Treasurer of England, then at the head of the Tory faction, who asked him if he understood Spanish well? he answered No: but imagining his Lordship might intend to send him into Spain on some honourable commission, he presently added, "that in a short time he did not doubt but he should presently be able both to understand and speak it." The Earl approving of what he said Mr. Rowe took his leave, and immediately retired out of Town to a private country farm, where within a few months he learned the Spanish tongue, and then waited again on the Earl to give him an account of his diligence. His Lordship now demanding if he was sure he understood it thoroughly, and our Author answering in the affirmative, that fathomless minister burst out into this exclamation, "How happy are you, Mr. Rowe, that can enjoy the pleasure of reading and understanding Don Quixote in the original!" This wanton cruelty inflicted by the Earl, of raising ex-

pectations in the mind that he never intended to gratify, needs only be told to excite indignation.

This coldness was sufficiently recompensed by the regard which King George I. testified for Mr. Rowe's merit. Upon his accession to the crown he was made Poet Laureate; and one of the Land Surveyors of the Customs in the port of London. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George II. conferred on him the place of Clerk of his Council; and the Lord Chancellor Parker the very day he received the Seals appointed him, unasked, Secretary of the Presentations.

Mr. Rowe was twice married, first to a daughter of Mr. Auditor Parsons, and afterwards to a daughter of Mr. Devenish, a gentleman of a good family in Dorsetshire. By his first wife he had a son, and by the second a daughter, who was married to Henry Fane, Esq.

Mr. Rowe bore his last illness with an exemplary Christian fortitude and resignation. He kept his good humour to the last, and took leave of his wife and friends, immediately before his last agony, with the same tranquillity of mind as if he had been upon taking but a short journey; so that his last moments confirmed the justness of his thought in those excellent lines in *Tamerlane*, speaking of death's dark shades, which, says he, seem as we journey on to lose their horror;

At near approach the monsters form'd by fear

Are vanish'd all, and leave the prospect clear.

He died the 6th of December 1718, in the forty-fifth

year of his age, and was interred the 19th in Westminster-Abbey, over against Chaucer, his body being attended by a vast number of friends. Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, out of a particular mark of esteem for him as a schoolfellow, honoured his ashes by performing the last offices himself. A sumptuous monument was afterwards erected to his memory by his wife, for which Mr. Pope wrote an epitaph, which we here insert :

Thy relics, Rowe ! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakespeare place thy honour'd bust:
Oh ! next him skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere ;
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade and endless rest !
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest !
And blest that timely from our scene remov'd
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.
To these so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life,
The childless parent and the widow'd wife
With tears inscribes this monumental stone
That holds their ashes and expects her own *.

* The lines originally wrote by Mr. Pope for Rowe's monument were not the above, but those which follow :

Thy relics, Rowe ! to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred place by Dryden's awful dust ;
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide enquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade and endless rest !
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest !
One grateful woman to thy fame supply'd
What a whole thankful land to his deny'd.

But these lines were afterwards changed for the preceding ones, which we see upon the monument.

Dr. Welwood has given us the following character of Mr. Rowe: "As to his person it was graceful and
"well made, his face regular, and of a manly beauty.
"As his soul was well lodged, so its rational and animal faculties excelled in a high degree. He had a
"quick and fruitful invention, a deep penetration, and
"a large compass of thought, with singular dexterity
"and easiness in making his thoughts to be understood. He was master of most parts of polite learning, especially the classical authors, both Greek and
"Latin; understood the French, Italian, and Spanish languages, and spoke the first fluently, and the other two tolerably well. He had likewise read most
"of the Greek and Roman histories in their original languages, and most that are wrote in English,
"French, Italian, and Spanish. He had a good taste
"in philosophy; and having a firm impression of religion upon his mind, he took great delight in divinity and ecclesiastical history, in both which he
"made great advances in the times he retired into the country, which were frequent. He expressed
"on all occasions his full persuasion of the truth of revealed religion; and being a sincere member of the established church himself, he pitied but condemned not those that dissented from it. He abhorred the principles of persecuting men upon the
"account of their opinions in religion; and being strict in his own he took it not upon him to censure those of another persuasion. His conversation

“ was pleasant, witty, and learned, without the least
“ tincture of affectation or pedantry; and his inimi-
“ table manner of diverting and enlivening the com-
“ pany made it impossible for any one to be out of
“ humour when he was in it. Envy and detraction
“ seemed to be entirely foreign to his constitution,
“ and whatever provocations he met with at any time
“ he passed them over without the least thought of re-
“ sentment or revenge. As Homer had a Zoilus, so
“ Mr. Rowe had sometimes his; for there were not
“ wanting malevolent people, and pretenders to poe-
“ try too, that would now and then bark at his best
“ performances; but he was so much conscious of his
“ own genius, and had so much good nature, as to for-
“ give them; nor could he ever be tempted to return
“ them an answer. The love of learning and poetry
“ made him not the less fit for business, and nobody
“ applied himself closer to it when it required his at-
“ tendance.—When he had just got to be easy in his
“ fortune, and was in a fair way to make it better,
“ Death swept him away, and in him deprived the
“ world of one of the best men as well as one of the
“ best geniuses of the age. He died like a Christian
“ and philosopher, in charity with all mankind, and
“ with an absolute resignation to the will of God.”

“ This is the amiable character of Mr. Rowe drawn
by Mr. Welwood, apparently with the fondness of a
friend, to which we shall add the testimony of Pope,
who says in a letter to Edward Blount, dated 10th

February 1715; "Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and
 "passed a week in the Forest. I need not tell you how
 "much a man of his turn entertained me; but I must
 "acquaint you there is a vivacity and gayety of dispo-
 "sition almost peculiar to him, which make it impos-
 "sible to part from him without that uneasiness which
 "generally succeeds all our pleasures."

We shall close this Memoir by adding to the above
 the following passage from the Biographia: "Mr.
 "Rowe's conversation either struck out mirth or
 "promoted learning and honour wherever he went.
 "He had a natural sweetness and affability, that it
 "was impossible not to be obliged by something in
 "the tone of his voice so soft and winning that every
 "body used to be sorry when he left off speaking. He
 "had the openness of a gentleman, the unstudied elo-
 "quence of a scholar, and the perfect freedom of an
 "Englishman. He is generally allowed to have un-
 "derstood a greater variety, and could change the
 "harmony of his lines more than any other poet that
 "ever wrote in our language. It is even said, and more
 "cannot be said, that though not in beauty yet in va-
 "riety of numbers he surpasses Pope, who often made
 "use of his friendship, and whenever he received any
 "of his verses after they had passed Mr. Rowe's cen-
 "sure, used to say they were then like gold three
 "times tried in the fire."

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROWE.

BY MR. AMHURST.

FAREWELL the Genius of the British stage,
Farewell the patriot of a madding age,
O Rowe ! unhappy deathless Bard ! farewell,
Whose worth applauding theatres shall tell;
Oft' as thy heroes on the stage appear 5
Each eye to thee shall drop a grateful tear,
Shouts to thy name each grateful voice shall raise,
And clapping crowds in thunder speak thy praise.
Too cruel Death ! that would no longer spare
This great recorder of the brave and fair, 10
That in one dreadful instant snatch'd from hence
The best good nature and the finest sense:
Too cruel Death ! that could refuse to save
Him that has rescu'd thousands from the grave,
Him that to latest worlds conveys the fame 15
Of Tamerlane and great Ulysses' name,
At whose command departed saints revive,
And in his moving scenes for ever live,
Past times return, and from the mould'ring tomb
Rise up the mighty chiefs of Greece and Rome, 20
Their ancient legions rally on the plain,
And act their former triumphs o'er again;

Touch'd with his pow'rful magick we deplore
 The beauteous Penitent and guilty Shore;
 Grey to appease the wrath of human laws 25
 Bleeds a fair martyr in her Saviour's cause,
 Undaunted bleeds, and by his matchless art
 The fatal blow wounds ev'ry British heart;
 We mourn, with beating breasts the greedy stroke,
 And yield reluctant to the Romish yoke; 30
 Of idols now succeeds a motley band,
 And Popery pours in upon the land;
 Rage, superstition, massacre, and blood,
 Come arm'd from hell against the publick good;
 Zeal sets on fire the holy Smithfield pile, 35
 And Priestcraft rages thro' the trembling isle.

Well has our loyal Poet set to view
 This direful scene, this wonder-working crew,
 A bloody tribe of persecuting elves,
 That weekly damn all Christians but themselves : 40
 His gen'rous soul disdain'd that vain pretence,
 So shocking to the Gospel and to sense,
 And in his scenes the graceful marks appear
 Of Christian freedom and of Christian fear.

Firm to that noble cause which fir'd his mind 45
 He never to a Popish scheme inclin'd,
 Nor fought the favours of a Tyburn crowd,
 Whose perjur'd hearts to foreign gods have bow'd;
 He judg'd it always an inglorious thing
 To court their praises who defam'd their king; 50

Enough for him that Congreve was his friend;
That Garth, and Steele, and Addison, commend,
That Brunswick with the bays his temples bound,
And Parker with immortal honours crown'd.

Great Lucan now by his unweary'd pains
Breathes Roman liberty in English strains;
Dying this wealthy pledge he left behind,
The truest pattern of his freeborn mind.
Four times four ages this heroick song
Has lain unlabour'd from its native tongue,
Which now translated with its genuine fire
Shall noble thoughts of liberty inspire,
Convince the bigot of the weighty truth,
And free from passive chains the British youth.
Too long the useful work has been delay'd,
But well that seeming ill is now repaid;
Heav'n but deferr'd to make it more complete;
Not ev'ry bard the glorious theme could treat,
Not ev'ry bard that in methanick verse
Can a dull love tale fluently rehearse,
And can in lifeless jingling lines complain
Of the false nymph or the forsaken swain;
Vigour of style and fancy must combine
With majesty of rage and pow'r divine
To make the English like the Roman shine:
Such must he be as Lucan was of old,
His figures strong and his expressions bold;

With the same constant love of freedom charm'd,
 With the same passion for his country warm'd,
 Whose veins with one unvary'd tenour flow,
 Zealous and active like immortal Rowe.

At length, ye Sons of Servitude! awake,
 And from your necks the selfish burthen shake,
 Nor blindly nor disdainfully refuse
 This last great labour of the Laurell'd Muse; 85
 Pay the just honours to his sacred head,
 Nor whom you envy'd living envy dead:
 Against the dead all violences cease;

Great Chaucer now and Shakespeare rest in peace;
 Dryden no more the impious world upbraids,
 And Milton slumbers in the silent shades.

Thou too, thrice honour'd in that ancient dome
 Where soon or late our British Laureates come,
 Where the fam'd poets of three ages lie,
 And to their tombs invite the curious eye, 95
 Where great Newcastle, still to wit a friend,
 To Dryden bids the stately pile ascend;

(Immortal, glorious deed! which after times
 Shall celebrate in their exalted rhymes)
 Amongst thy kindred bards thy bones shall trust, 100
 And mix in quiet with poetick dust;
 There no feign'd dangers shall alarm thy breast,
 No factious murmurs interrupt thy rest,
 Banish'd shall be all noise of worldly things,
 Of warring armies and contending kings, 105

The groundless clamours of th' ambitious gown;
And Alberoni's crimes shall be unknown;
Pain loss, and sorrow shall be far away;
Clasp'd in th' embraces of thy native clay,
'Till the last welcome trumpet shall bid thee rise,
Then cloth'd with glory thou shalt ascend the skies.

TO THE MEMORY OF

NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.

BY MR. BECKINGHAM.

Is then the summons true? does partial Fate
Retract so early what it gave so late?
Must the grave chuse?—Must Rowe the tribute pay,
And Merit moulder with the common clay?
Is the grim tyrant then so jealous grown?
Strikes he at human fame to build his own?
Has not the insulting monarch wreaths enow,
But must the robber strip the poet's brow?
Let Nature in her hoary years decay,
And mellow Age drop heavily away,
Let the dull earthborn populace complain,
And swell the triumphs of his gloomy reign;
Slaves born for nothing, or themselves alone,
Die unlamented as they liv'd unknown;
Let these, proud Victor! tremble at thy nod;
But spare the poet for the publick good,

Does satiated heat prophetick breasts inspire?
 Burns not the poet's with an equal fire?
 From Heav'n a joint commission can he claim,
 His soul as large, as sacred is his name;
 Both universal benefits design'd,
 Both sent to govern and to save mankind,
 T' unveil mysterious truths to human sight,
 And set the false bewilder'd judgment right,
 Instructed great ideas to impart,
 To warm the bosom and enrich the heart.

Are we not grateful when the lamp of day
 Shoots forth a genial heat and vernal ray
 To bless the honest rustick's wintry toil,
 And bid the careful anxious florist smile?
 Or in some clime where nearer beams abound,
 And heats immod'rate scorch the cleaving ground,
 When some fierce channel from the sev'n mouth'd
 Pours forth its plenty on the sunburnt soil,
 Cements with lavish streams the gaping earth,
 And gives the hidden treasures timely birth?

Do gifts like these our gratitude command?
 What debtors are we to the poet's hand,
 Whose nobler streams in larger currents rowl?
 Those but inform the ground, and these the soul.

Here, Laurell'd Shade! thy own great image see,
 To draw the poet is to picture thee:
 Th' extensive thought, th' energy divine,
 The flame, the genius, and the soul, was thine;

Each various note declares thy master skill, 45
How form'd to write, how worthy to excel.
To virtue steady, to thy country true,
We read the poet and the patriot too.
Does liberty demand thy loftier strain?
We gaze with wonder on thy Tamerlane, 50
Thro' ev'ry scene pursue the godlike cause,
And give the fav'rite hero full applause.
When the shrill trumpet summons him away
The warm'd spectator shares the bloody fray,
In anxious wishes feels a soldier's pride, 55
Lifts in the war and combats on his side.
How does he charm when bounteous to distress,
Sedate in fight, and humble in success!
A victor yet without a victor's mind,
He conquers not t' enslave but free mankind, 60
To distant times marks out th' unerring way,
Learns kings to rule and subjects to obey,
Strikes ev'ry bosom with a sacred awe,
And shews the happy age a true Nassau.
Or if some lowly theme the poet claim, 65
Some banish'd lover or neglected dame,
Love's thousand passions all his skill employ,
The quick alternate tides of grief and joy.
How well he paints the sad extremes of Fate!
How well describes th' unhappy—happy state! 70
Each conscious sinner does his guilt confess,
And awful silence speaks the bard's success;

So well th' expressive miseries are shown,
 Some tender breast still makes the wo its own;
 The virgin's cheek the moving scene approves,
 And artless sighs betray how well she loves;
 The scornful nymph condemns her long disdain,
 And to her arms invites her injur'd swain.

When some fair wanton * mourns her past desires,
 Love's foul embraces and unlawful fires, 80
 So soft she pleads the pitying audience melt,
 And clear the sinner tho' they damn the guilt.

The Libertine in love † exalts a while
 On violated charms and ravish'd spoil,
 But soon his triumphs find a timely date; 85

The villain's crimes receive the villain's fate.

But why on single beauties do I dwell,

When ev'ry finish'd scene is wrote so well,

When thy vast Works are in themselves repaid,

And modest Nature owns thy happier aid? 90

But now the skill is lost, the musick o'er,

And he who charm'd us once can charm no more,

Envy at last repents her canker'd hate,

And feels her errour in her loss too late.

To native dust now wastes the mortal frame, 95

And nought survives the poet but his fame;

Brave then in that o'er time on envy's rage,

And be a Lucan to a distant age.

* Jane Shore.

† Lothario in *The Fair Penitent*.

Yes, sacred Shade! thy Writings shall be read
 Till even arts are with their founders dead;
 Whilst friendship burns within a faithful breast
 Thy name be cherish'd and thy worth confest:
 Oblivion is the common mortal's doom,
 But thou shalt live when dead and flourish in the tomb!

A PASTORAL

TO THE HONOURED MEMORY OF

MR. ROWE.

BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

DAPHNIS.

SEE! Thyrsis, see! beneath yon' spreading thorn,
 Whose blushing berries ev'ry bough adorn,
 The good Menalcas sits, his head reclin'd,
 His crook thrown by, nor seems his flock to mind;
 Down from his eyes the briny torrents roll,
 And mighty grief seems lab'ring in his soul:
 The posture speaks a matchless weight of woe;
 Haste, Thyrsis! haste, the sudden cause to know.

THYRS. From whence, Menalcas, do these ills arise
 Which rack thy breast and overflow thy eyes?
 Has from thy ewe some tender lamb been wrung,
 Or has thy fav'rite heifer cast her young?
 Broke are thy folds by some vile midnight thief,
 Or is Clarissa cause of all this grief?

Does she in secret bless some other swain? 15
Why, let her go—her broken faith disdain.

MENAL. No, Thyrsis! no; a subject greater far
Than flocks, or herds, or fickle women, are
Claims all these tears, these fruitless tears, I shed;
Colin, the soft harmonious Colin! is dead. 20

DAPH. Is Colin dead! if that sad tale be true
Then have we cause to mourn as much as you.
Colin! the pride and darling of the plain,
Admir'd by ev'ry nymph, caress'd by ev'ry swain.
Whene'er he tun'd his pipe beneath the shade 25
The nodding boughs beat time while Colin play'd,
The feather'd choir about the shepherd throng,
And prowling wolves stood list'ning to his song,
The browsing goats from rocky cliffs descend,
Charm'd with his voice the savage brutes attend. 30

THYRS. O mighty Pan! who now shall chant thy
And who record thy fame in tuneful lays? [praise,
Where is that he of all the sylvan swains
Can equal Colin's soft harmonious strains?
If the dear subject of his song was love, 35
Sweet as the Hybla drops his verses prove;
If glorious liberty the youth asserts,
How did he warm our souls and fire our hearts!

MENAL. Now ev'ry maxim which the shepherd
Occurs afresh and dwells in ev'ry thought. [taught
"Our flocks", said he, "and feather'd kind, produce
"Their diff'rent offspring for their owner's use; 42

"For us the wood, the pasture, and the field,
 "Their sev'ral grains and various flowers yield:
 "Not Pan himself can our own rights oppose, 45
 "Or crop without our leave one single rose:
 "A mutual duty still on each depends,
 "We honour Pan, and Pan our flock defends".

Thus Colin taught us slavish yokes to hate,
 And prize the freedom of our rural state. [appear,

DAPH. See where the nymphs and swains in crowds
 Yew in their hands, their brows sad cypress wear; 52
 In solemn state see two by two they tread,
 And look with downcast eyes and bended head,
 As if not Colin but themselves were dead. 55 }

THYRS. Hark how the winds in hollow accents
 And humid pearls distil from ev'ry stone! [groan,
 The cooing turtles their lov'd elms decline,
 And goats forsake their fav'rite flow'ry thyme;
 The lambs complaining bleat, the heifers low, 60
 The ox and wether cease their cud to chew;
 The vocal grove laments young Colin dead,
 For him the laurel droops and hangs its verdant head!

AMARYL. Help me, Menalcas! help me to complain;
 To tell to earth, to air, and seas, my pain. 65
 Colin, the dear lov'd Colin! is no more;
 Come all ye Nymphs! and Colin's loss deplore.
 For whom shall we our flow'ry chaplets weave?
 Or who so well deserves the laurel wreath?
 Who now can point thro' all these groves a man 70
 To celebrate the birth of mighty Pan?

Like Colin who can Flora's sweets display,
 Or paint the gaudy treasures of her May?
 Or who like him can tune the oaten reed,
 Or tread with such a grace th' enamell'd mead? 75
 Mourn, all ye Nymphs! your tears incessant shed,
 Your tribute is all too poor for him that is dead.

THYRS. Would but relentless Fate our wishes aid,
 And give to substance back his airy shade,
 As Pluto once Eurydice of old, 80
 A tale I well remember Colin told,
 To purchase that my tears like thine should flow,
 But this is fruitless grief and pageant wo.

Hark, Amaryllis, hark! thy bleating lambs
 Amongst the brakes have lost their udder'd dams;
 Haste to retrieve them ere too far they stray, 86
 And fall to hungry wolves an easy prey. [I'll hold,

AMARYL. Why, let 'em stray, my crook no more
 My herds no more—no more my flocks, I'll fold;
 No more will I with daisy pink and rose 90
 A garland for the queen of May compose,
 Since Colin is gone, by whom it was still confest
 That I of all the nymphs deserv'd it best.

The winds shall useless prove to fleets at sea,
 And flow'rs supply no honey to the bee, 95
 When, Colin! I forget to mourn for thee.

MENAL. If Amaryllis charm'd by Colin's verse
 Can shed such floods of tears upon his hearse,
 Who then can guess the pain, the anxious throes,
 Which the dear partner of his pleasure knows? 100

What agonies of wo rend Daphne's breast!
 She whom he lov'd—and she who lov'd him best:
 Methinks I hear her to her babe complain,
 The only relick of her darling swain:
 The child she tells his ev'ry art and grace,
 And with her tears bedews the infant's face,
 Whilst the poor babe, unknowing of her cares,
 Cooes in her face and smiles at all her tears.

AN ODE SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

N. ROWE, ESQ.

BY THE REV. MR. NEWCOMB.

I.

WHILE o'er thy hearse with sad surprise
 And solemn grief the Muses mourn,
 Permit a stranger's flowing eyes
 To shed their sorrows round thy urn.

II.

Just in the bloom of all thy fame,
 Then to assert thy native sky
 Absolves impartial Heav'n from blame,
 And seems as it was thy choice to die.

III.

Thus the great Cæsar ceas'd to live,
 Thro' vanquish'd worlds his Eagles bore;
 Thus clos'd his fame when Fate cou'd give
 And his bright sword command no more.

IV.

With smiles he views the glitt'ring blade,
 In that great moment fond to die
 When Rome beheld her hero's shade
 But mount the fairer up the sky. 16

V.

What pensive Muse now thou art fled
 Shall o'er Pharsalia's * warriours mourn?
 Whose voice lament the pious dead,
 And kindly weep o'er Pompey's urn? 10

VI.

Whose soft relenting verse shall swell
 Each Roman heart with conscious wo?
 Her genius fled Rome's sorrow tell,
 And Cæsar dying o'er his foe? 24

VII.

Round his great rival's awful head
 He views a glory still survive,
 Sighing † that fame and virtue dead
 He cou'd not own, or scorn'd alive; 28

VIII.

Nor mingling with the godlike host
 Who at Philippi greatly fell,
 Each Roman thanks thy pious ghost
 That sung his arms and fate so well. 32

* The excellent translation of Lucan by Mr. Rowe.

† Cæsar is reported by the poet to have wept when Pompey's head was brought to him in Egypt.

IX.

The fields of death once more to stain
What future hero will refuse?
Or dying dread one moment's pain
To live for ever in thy Muse? 36

X.

But far, O! far before the rest
Great Catō does his arm extend,
And in his smiles his love confest,
Adores thy shade and calls thee friend. 40

XI.

Well pleas'd with ev'ry grace adorn'd
So like his own a mind to see,
And the great homage which he scorn'd
To Cæsar's sword he pays to thee. 44

XII.

New transport does his breast dilate,
Within his soul new passions rise,
To view Rome's wounds and Pompey's fate
So kindly wept by English eyes. 48

XIII.

While taught by thee Britannia's isle
His hero's fall relenting views,
He seems beneath his wounds to smile,
And Cæsar's self at last subdues. 52

XIV.

Africk's rich deserts in thy strains
Ennoble with the patriot's doom,
Excel the flow'ry Latian plains,
And Libya triumphs over Rome; 56

XV.

Whose grateful sons to moan the brave
 Despairing in thy Muse are seen,
 Hiding each faithful warrior's grave
 With friendly tears and blooming green; 60

XVI.

In words like thine had they a choice
 Once more above their fate to try,
 Thus with their last expiring voice
 Would each lament his Rome and die; 64

XVII.

Surprise or joy alike to yield
 Thy various artful Muse was made,
 To dress the warrior for the field,
 Or paint the lover in his shade. 68

XVIII.

Now in the eager chase of fame
 With some brave chief you upward fly,
 Now sink, and teach some virgin name
 In softer numbers how to die; 72

XIX.

Those forms which to our wond'ring mind
 Thy fancy paints new glories wear,
 While love and friendship seem more kind,
 And beauty's self appears more fair; 76

XX.

Such force fair Virtue does impart
 By thee presented to our view,
 It moves and melts each stubborn heart;
 Her brightness cannot quite subdue. 80

XXI.

While drest in angels' purest light
 Her smiling image does appear
 Pleasing as beauty to the sight
 Or musick to the ravish'd ear. 84

XXII.

Would she once more her skies forsake
 What other features could she chuse,
 What fairer form the goddess take,
 To bless mankind than from thy Muse? 88

XXIII.

Transported then with fond surprise
 The lovely guest we should adore,
 And wonder how our partial eyes
 Refus'd to own such grace before. 92

XXIV.

Till viewing those deceiving charms
 Each breast subdued, we all agree
 That pow'r which thus our soul disarms
 Was not her own but lent by thee. 96

XXV.

Greatness no more with all her train
 The virtuous mind shall now beguile,
 By thee instructed to disdain
 When glory calls the Siren's smile. 100

XXVI.

No more * renown and specious fame
 Shall strive Ambition's rage to hide,

* See Monf. Bruyere's Characters, or Manners of the Age,
 published from the French by Mr. Rowe.

Nor honour be a treach'rous name,
To shade the tyrant's guilty pride.

XXVII.

The brave and gen'rous breast to awe,
The honest upright heart to gain,
The coward's hand his sword shall draw,
The courtier's smiles be try'd in vain.

XXVIII.

Against that dread thy scenes unfold
To arm our breasts in vain we try;
Soon as the tragick tale is told
We melt, we languish, and we die.

XXIX.

The soul a while her ground maintains,
Each death resolving to deride,
But when the captive tells her pains
That softness owns she strove to hide.

XXX.

To view her rage direct the dart
Wakes in our breast a kind surprise,
Speaking the frailty of our heart
By the soft streams that fill our eyes.

XXXI.

Eager our souls to bring relief
Swift from their op'ning bosom flow,
To sooth the mourning parent's grief,
Or guard the infant from the blow.

XXXII.

So lively has each nymph complain'd
When Fate thy Muse despairing drew,

That tho' we know her sorrows feign'd
Yet still we weep and think them true. 128

XXXIII.

A while we argue to persuade
Our melting eyes to hide their wo,
Till to their view the lovely maid
Reveals her wounds and bids them flow. 132

XXXIV.

Thy artful voice with equal ease
Each diff'rent passion can employ,
Now give us pain, but to increase
And from our grief improve our joy. 136

XXXV.

Who in your soft deceiving strains
With those kind conquerors agree,
Who threaten first the dreadful chains
Then set the trembling captive free. 140

XXXVI.

What raptures does thy verse infuse
When beauty does the theme inspire!
What heat transports thy soaring Muse
If scenes of war thy bosom fire! 144

XXXVII.

While for bright fame or gay delight
Each hero you alike prepare,
Lead the fierce warrior to the fight,
Or the young lover to the fair; 148

XXXVIII.

Nature astonish'd at thy art
Casts on thy Muse a jealous eye,

Her joys unable to impart,
Or longer please when thou art by. 152

XXXIX.

The artist thus his skill to grace
Some beauteous breathing form design'd,
Forfakes the virgin's cheek to trace
Features more bright in his own mind. 156

XL.

Each glowing charm the canvass fires,
Does with delight the nymph surprise,
Who owes that beauty she admires
More to his pencil than her eyes. 160

XLI.

What tho' our laurels fairer rise,
And from thy ashes date their bloom?
We pay too dearly for the prize
Thus sadly purchas'd by thy doom. 164

XLII.

Pity, ye Gods! that doubtful dart
Which your mysterious anger threw
Should give at once both joy and smart,
Augment our fame and sorrow too. 168

XLIII.

Just so the skies, severely bright,
Their vengeful lightnings oft' employ,
And gild that oak with fairer light
They mean next moment to destroy. 172

XLIV.

How mournful is the only choice
Your heav'ns afford our breast to ease!

Or to lament thy dying voice,
Or never hope our own thou'd please! 176

. XLV.

Thus to the heirs of bright renown
The purple you a while deny,
Who ere they boast the regal crown
Must view their king and parent die! 180

XLVI.

Strange! that the glories which we claim
From thy sad fate no pleasures give,
The fair increase of all our fame
The only cause for which we grieve! 184

XLVII.

See Shakespeare's awful rev'rend shade
Rising his fav'rite to adore!
And binds thy brows with laurel made
By Fame to shade his own before! 188

XLVIII.

To thy indulgence pleas'd to owe
The terrors that his Muse imparts,
To swell our eye the scenes of wo,
The moving dread to shake our hearts. 192

XLIX.

The diff'rent fates of all that reign
Distinguish'd in whose Muse appear,
What the good man may hope to gain,
And what the daring tyrant fear. 196

* To Mr. Rowe the publick are obliged for The Life of
Shakespeare, which he took great pains to collect,

L.

Whose tragick voice shall next presume
To fill our breasts with sad despair?
Or trembling for the lover's doom,
Or anxious for the dying fair? 200

LI.

To tears whose sighs her wrongs confess
Our eyes with soft compassion flow,
Teaching thy virgin's feign'd distress
To give our bosom real wo. 204

LII.

In vain we ask our reason's aid
To stop our tears or ease our pain;
To view thy fair repenting Maid
Each cheek must swell each heart complain. 208

LIII.

O! sooth her anguish! calm her grief!
O! quickly to her refuge fly!
O! bring the fainting fair relief,
Or with her give us leave to die! 212

LIV.

Such moving scenes thy Muse unfolds,
Constrain'd its anguish to declare,
A savage heart each bosom holds
That can attend and not despair. 216

LV.

What wonders does thy verse contain,
What magick thro' thy numbers flows!
Pleas'd with our grief we then complain,
Then only when we want our woes! 220

LVI.

No eye those sorrows does refuse
 Thy penfive maids expiring give,
 Scarce more delighted when thy Muse
 Suspends their fate and bids 'em live. 224

LVII.

Strange that our cheeks shou'd grieve the more
 When you the falling tear restrain!
 And to forbid us to deplore
 Should only give us greater pain! 228

LVIII.

Thus trembling for her lover's fate
 A while the virgin's sorrows flow,
 Owing to hear his sighs abate
 Her joy more painful than her wo. 232

LIX.

Oh! may each Muse with sorrows meet
 Soft as thy own thy worth declare,
 Since nothing but a voice so sweet
 Can ever sing a fame so fair. 236

LX.

A second life to thy great dead
 Thy kind inspiring numbers gave;
 Had we that pow'r the tears we shed
 Had fell to wet some other grave. 240

LXI.

Thine like each fabled hero's age
 Thyself with virtue didst inspire,
 And acting well on life's frail stage
 Dost with the same applause retire. 244

MISCELLANIES.

UNIO.

DUM Rosa purpureo suffunditur ora rubore,
Spina gravis nitidi floris amore calet.
Protinus armorum ponit pacatior iras,
Et jam blanda suæ porrigit ora Rosæ.
Ut videt alternis ambas concurrere votis,
Quæ regit hortorum maxima Flora, vices
Fælices jubet hinc cocant in fœdera, utrisque
Unus, & ex Upp stemmate surgat honos.
Tu decus æternum, dixit, mea, da, Rosa, Spina,
Et tu perpetuam protege, Spina, Rosam.

THE UNION.

WHILE rich in brightest red the blushing Rose
Her freshest op'ning beauties did disclose,
Her the rough Thistle from a neighb'ring field
With fond desires and lovers' eyes beheld;
Straight the fierce plant lays by his pointed darts,
And wooes the gentle flow'r with softer arts:
Kindly she heard, and did his flame approve,
And own'd the warrior worthy of her love.
Flora, whose happy laws the seasons guide,
Who does in fields and painted meads preside,
And crowns the gardens with their flow'ry pride,
With pleasure saw the wishing pair combine.
To favour what their goddess did design,
And bid them in eternal Union join.
"Henceforth," she said "in each returning year
"One stem the Thistle and the Rose shall bear;

“The Thistle’s lasting grace thou, O my Rose! shalt be,
 “The warlike Thistle’s arms a sure defence to thee.”

MÆCENAS.

*Verses occasioned by the Honours conferred on the Right Hon.
 the Earl of Halifax, 1714, being that Year installed
 Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter.*

PHOEBUS and Cæsar once conspir’d to grace
 A noble knight of ancient Tuscan race.
 The monarch, greatly conscious of his worth,
 From books and his retirement call’d him forth,
 Adorn’d the patriot with the civick crown, 5
 The Consul’s fasces and Patrician gown;
 The world’s whole wealth he gave him to bestow,
 And teach the streams of treasure where to flow;
 To him he bad the suppliant nations come,
 And on his counsels fix’d the fate of Rome. 10

The god of Wit, who taught him first to sing
 And tune high numbers to the vocal string,
 With jealous eyes beheld the bounteous king. }

“Forbear,” he cry’d, “to rob me of my share,
 “Our common fav’rite is our common care; 15
 “Honours and wealth thy grateful hand may give,
 “But Phœbus only bids the poet live.

“The service of his faithful heart is thine;
 “There let thy Julian star an emblem shine; }
 “His mind and her imperial seat are mine. 20 }
 “Then bind his brow, ye Thespian Maids!” he }
 The willing Muses the command obey’d, [said;
 And wove the deathless laurel for his head. 23 }

VERSES

MADE TO A SIMILE OF POPE'S.

WHILE at our house the servants brawl,
 And raise an uproar in the hall,
 When John the butler and our Mary
 About the plate and linen vary,
 Till the smart dialogue grows rich
 In Sneaking Dog! and Ugly Bitch!
 Down comes my lady like the devil,
 And makes them silent all and civil.
 Thus cannon clears the cloudy air,
 And scatters tempests brewing there;
 Thus bullies sometimes keep the peace,
 And one scold makes another cease. 12

ON NICOLINI AND VALENTINI'S

FIRSTCOMING TO THE HOUSE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

AMPHION strikes the vocal lyre,
 And ready at his call
 Harmonious brick and stone conspire
 To raise the Theban wall. 4

In emulation of his praise
 Two Latian Signors come
 A sinking theatre to raise,
 And prop Van's tott'ring dome. 8

But how this last should come to pass
 Must still remain unknown,
 Since these poor gentlemen, alas!
 Bring neither brick nor stone. 12

A POEM

ON THE LATE GLORIOUS SUCCESSES, ETC.

Humbly inscribed to

THE LORD TREASURER GODOLPHIN.

WHILE kings and nations on thy counsels wait,
 And Anna trusts to thee the British state,
 While Fame to thee from ev'ry foreign coast
 Flies with the news of empires won and lost,
 Relates whate'er her busy eyes beheld,
 And tells the fortune of each bloody field,
 While with officious duty crowds attend
 To hail the labours of thy godlike friend,
 Vouchsafe the Muse's humbler joy to hear,
 For sacred numbers shall be still thy care. 10
 Tho' mean the verse, tho' lowly be the strain,
 Tho' least regarded be the Muse of all the tuneful train,
 Yet rise, neglected Nymph! avow thy flame,
 Assert th' inspiring god, and greatly aim }
 To make thy numbers equal to thy theme: 15 }
 From Heav'n derive thy verse; to Heav'n belong
 The counsels of the wise and battles of the strong;
 To Heav'n the royal Anna owes alone
 The virtues which adorn and guard her throne;
 Thence is her justice wretches to redress, 20
 Thence is her mercy and her love of peace,
 Thence is her pow'r, her sceptre, uncontroll'd
 To bend the stubborn and repress the bold,
 Her peaceful arts fierce factions to assuage,
 To heal their breaches and to sooth their rage; 25

Thence is that happy prudence which presides
 In each design, and ev'ry action guides,
 Thence is she taught her shining court to grace,
 And fix the worthiest in the worthiest place,
 To trust at home Godolphin's watchful care, 30
 And send victorious Churchill forth to war.

Arise, ye Nations! rescu'd by her sword,
 Freed from the bondage of a foreign lord,
 Arise, and join the heroine to bless,
 Behold she sends to save you from distress; 35
 Rich is the royal bounty she bestows,
 'Tis plenty, peace, and safety from your foes.
 And thou, Iberia! rous'd at length, disdain
 To wear enslav'd the Gallick tyrant's chain;
 For see! the British Genius comes to cheer 40
 Thy fainting sons and kindle them to war;
 With her own glorious fires their souls she warms,
 And bids them burn for liberty and arms.
 Unhappy Land! the foremost once in fame,
 Once lifting to the stars thy noble name, 45
 In arts excelling, and in arms severe,
 The western kingdoms' envy and their fear,
 Where is thy pride, thy conscious honour, flown,
 Thy ancient valour and thy first renown?
 How art thou sunk among the nations now! 50
 How hast thou taught thy haughty neck to bow,
 And dropt the warrior's wreath inglorious from
 thy brow! }

Not thus of old her valiant fathers bore
 The bondage of the unbelieving Moor,

But oft' alternate made the victors yield, 35
 And prov'd their might in many a well fought field;
 Bold in defence of liberty they stood,
 And doubly dy'd their Cross in Moorish blood:
 Then in heroick arms their knights excell'd;
 The tyrant then and giant then they quell'd: 60
 Then ev'ry nobler thought their minds did move,
 And those who fought for freedom sigh'd for love.
 Like one those sacred flames united live,
 At once they languish and at once revive;
 Alike they shun the coward and the slave, 65
 But bless the free, the virtuous, and the brave.
 Nor frown, ye Fair! nor think my verse untrue; }
 Tho' we disdain that man should man subdue }
 Yet all the freeborn race are slaves alike to you. }

Yet once again that glory to restore 70
 The Britons seek the Celtiberian shore.
 With echoing peals at Anna's high command
 Their naval thunder wakes the drowsy land;
 High at their head Iberia's promis'd lord,
 Young Charles of Austria, waves his shining sword;
 His youthful veins with hopes of empire glow, 76
 Swell his bold heart, and urge him on the foe;
 With joy he reads in ev'ry warrior's face
 Some happy omen of a sure success,
 Then leaps exulting on the hostile strand, 80
 And thinks the destin'd sceptre in his hand.

Nor Fate denies what first his wishes name,
 Proud Barcelona owns his juster claim,
 With the first laurel binds his youthful brows, [flows.
 And, pledge of future crowns, the mural wreath be-

But soon the equal of his youthful years,
 Philip of Bourbon's haughty line, appears;
 Like hopes attend his birth, like glories grate,
 (If glory can be in a tyrant's race;)
 In numbers proud he threats no more from far,
 But nearer draws the black impending war;
 He views his host, then scorns the rebel town,
 And dooms to certain death the rival of his crown.

Now fame and empire, all the nobler spoils
 That urge the hero and reward his toils,
 Plac'd in their view alike their hopes engage,
 And fire their breasts with more than mortal rage.
 Not lawless love, not vengeance nor despair,
 So daring, fierce, untam'd, and furious are
 As when ambition prompts the great to war;
 As youthful kings when striving for renown [crown.
 They prove their might in arms and combat for a
 Hard was the cruel strife, and doubtful long
 Betwixt the chiefs suspended conquest hung,
 Till forc'd at length, disdaining much to yield,
 Charles to his rival quits the fatal field;
 Numbers and fortune o'er his right prevail,
 And ev'n the British valour seems to fail;
 And yet they fail'd not all. In that extreme,
 Conscious of virtue, liberty, and fame,
 They vow the youthful monarch's fate to share,
 Above distress, unconquer'd by despair,
 Still to defend the town and animate the war.
 But lo! when ev'ry better hope was past,
 When ev'ry day of danger seem'd their last,

Far on the distant ocean they survey
 Where a proud navy ploughs its wat'ry way;
 Nor long they doubted, but with joy descrie
 Upon the chief's tall topmasts waving high
 The British Cross and Belgick Lion fly. 120
 Loud with tumult'ous clamour, loud they rear
 Their cries of ecstasy, and rend the air;
 In peals on peals the shouts triumphant rise,
 Spread swift, and rattle thro' the spacious skies,
 While from below old Ocean groans profound, 125
 The walls, the rocks, the shores, repel the sound,
 Ring with the deaf'ning shock, and thunder all
 around!
 Such was the joy the Trojan youth express'd
 Who by the fierce Rutilian's siege distress'd
 Were by the Tyrrhene aid at length releas'd, 130
 When young Aescanius, then in arms first try'd,
 Numbers and ev'ry other want supply'd,
 And haughty Turnus from his walls defy'd,
 Sav'd in the town an empire yet to come,
 And fix'd the fate of his imperial Rome. 135

But oh! what verse, what numbers, shall reveal
 Those pangs of rage and grief the vanquish'd feel!
 Who shall retreating Philip's shame impart,
 And tell the anguish of his lab'ring heart!
 What paint, what speaking pencil, shall express 140
 The blended passions striving in his face!
 Hate, indignation, courage, pride, remorse,
 With thoughts of glory past, the loser's greatest curse.
 Fatal Ambition! say what wondrous charms
 Delude mankind to toil for thee in arms, 145

When all thy spoils, thy wreaths in battle won,
The pride of pow'r and glory of a crown,
When all war gives, when all the great can gain,
Ev'n thy whole pleasure, pays not half thy pain!

All hail! ye softer happier arts of peace, 150
Secur'd from harms, and blest with learned ease,
In battles, blood, and perils hard, unskill'd,
Which haunt the warrior in the fatal field:
But chief thee, goddess Muse! my Verse would raise,
And to thy own soft numbers tune thy praise; 153
Happy the youth inspir'd, beneath thy shade
Thy verdant everliving laurels laid!

There safe, no pleasures there, no pains, they know }
But those which from thy sacred raptures flow, }
Nor wish for crowns but what thy groves bestow. }
Me, Nymph divine! nor scorn my humble pray'r, 161
Receive unworthy to thy kinder care,
Doom'd to a gentler tho' more lowly fate,
Nor wishing once nor knowing to be great;
Me to thy peaceful haunts inglorious bring, 165
Where secret thy celestial sisters sing, }
Fast by their sacred hill and sweet Castalian spring. }

But nobler thoughts the victor prince employ,
And raise his heart with high triumphant joy;
From hence a better course of time rolls on, 170
And whiter days successive seem to run;
From hence his kinder fortune seems to date
The rising glories of his future state;
From hence—but oh! too soon the hero mourns
His hopes deceiv'd and war's inconstant turns. 173

In vain his echoing trumpets' loud alarms
 Provoke the cold Iberian lords to arms;
 Careless of fame as of their monarch's fate,
 In sullen sloth supinely proud they sat,
 Or to be slaves or free alike prepar'd, 180
 And trusting Heav'n was bound to be their guard,
 Untouch'd with shame the noble strife beheld,
 Nor once essay'd to struggle to the field,
 But fought in the cold shade and rural seat
 An unmolested ease and calm retreat, 185
 Saw each contending prince's arms advance,
 Then with a lazy dull indifference
 Turn'd to their rest, and left the world to Chance. }
 So when commanded by the wife of Jove
 Thaumantian Iris left the realms above, 190
 And swift descending on her painted bow
 Sought the dull god of Sleep in shades below,
 Nodding and slow his drowsy head he rear'd,
 And heavily the sacred message heard,
 Then with a yawn at once forgot the pain, 195
 And sunk to his first sloth and indolence again.

But oh, my Muse! th' ungrateful toil forfake,
 Some task more pleasing to thy numbers take,
 Nor chuse in melancholy strains to tell
 Each harder chance the juster cause befell: 200
 Or rather turn, auspicious turn, thy flight
 Where Marlborough's heroick arms invite,
 Where highest deeds the poet's breast inspire
 With rage divine, and fan the sacred fire.
 See where at once Ramillia's noble field 205
 Ten thousand themes for living verse shall yield!

See where at once the dreadful objects rise,
 At once they spread before my wond'ring eyes,
 And shock my lab'ring soul with vast surprise!
 At once the wide extended battles move, 210
 At once they join, at once their fate they prove!
 The roar ascends promisc'ous; groans and cries,
 The drums, the cannons' burst, the shout, supplies
 One universal anarchy of noise!
 One din confus'd, sound mixt and lost in sound, 215
 Echoes to all the frighted cities round!
 Thick dust and smoke in wavy clouds arise,
 Stain the bright day and taint the purer skies,
 While flashing flames like lightning dart between
 And fill the horror of the fatal scene! 220
 Around the field, all dy'd in purple foam,
 Hate, Fury, and insatiate Slaughter, roam,
 Discord with pleasure o'er the ruin treads,
 And laughing wraps her in her tatter'd weeds,
 While fierce Bellona thunders in her car, 225
 Shakes terrible her steely whip from far,
 And with new rage revives the fainting war!
 So when two currents rapid in their course
 Rush to a point and meet with equal force,
 The angry billows rear their heads on high, 230
 Dashing aloft the foaming surges fly,
 And rising cloud the air with misty spray;
 The raging flood is heard from far to roar
 By list'ning shepherds on the distant shore,
 While much they fear what ills it should portend, 235
 And wonder why the wat'ry gods contend.

High in the midst Britannia's warlike chief;
 Too greatly bold and prodigal of life,
 Is seen to press where death and dangers call;
 Where the war bleeds and where the thickest fall }
 He flies, and drives confus'd the fainting Gaul. 241
 Like heat diffus'd his great example warms,
 And animates the Social warriors' arms,
 Inflames each colder heart, confirms the bold,
 Makes the young heroes and renews the old. 245
 In forms divine around him watchful wait
 The guardian Genii of the British state;
 Justice and Truth his steps unerring guide,
 And faithful Loyalty defends his side; 249
 Prudence and Fortitude their Marlborough guard,
 And pleasing Liberty his labours cheer'd;
 But chief the angel of his queen was there,
 The Union Cross his silver shield did bear, }
 And in his decent hand he shook a warlike spear; }
 While Victory celestial soars above, 255
 Plum'd like the eagle of imperial Jove,
 Hangs o'er the chief whom she delights to bless;
 And ever arms his sword with sure success,
 Dooms him the proud oppressor to destroy, 259
 Then waves her palm, and claps her wings for joy.
 Such was young Ammon on Arbela's plain,
 Or such the painter * did the hero feign,
 Where rushing on and fierce, he seems to ride }
 With graceful ardour and majestic pride, 264 }
 With all the gods of Greece and Fortune on his side. }

* Le Brun.

Nor long Bavaria's haughty prince in vain
 Labours the fight unequal to maintain;
 He sees it is doom'd his fatal friend the Gaul
 Shall share the shame, and in one ruin fall;
 Flies from the foe too oft' in battle try'd, 270
 And Heav'n contending on the victor's side,
 Then mourns his rash ambition's crime too late,
 And yields reluctant to the force of Fate.
 So when Æneas thro' night's gloomy shade
 The dreadful forms of hostile gods survey'd, 275
 Hopeless he left the burning town and fled,
 Saw it was in vain to prop declining Troy,
 Or save what Heav'n had destin'd to destroy.

What vast reward, O Europe! shalt thou pay
 To him who sav'd thee on this glorious day? 280
 Bless him, ye grateful Nations! where he goes,
 And heap the victor's laurel on his brows.

In ev'ry land, in ev'ry city, freed
 Let the proud column rear its marble head,
 To Marlborough and Liberty decreed: 285
 Rich with his wars, triumphal arches raise,
 To teach your wond'ring sons the hero's praise:
 To him your skilful bards their verse shall bring,
 For him the tuneful voice be taught to sing, 289
 The breathing pipe shall swell, shall sound the
 trembling string.

O happy thou, where peace for ever smiles,
 Britannia! noblest of the ocean's isles.
 Fair Queen! who dost amidst thy waters reign,
 And stretch thy empire o'er the farthest main,

End of the

What transports in thy parent bosom roll'd 295
 When Fame at first the pleasing story told!
 How didst thou lift thy tow'ry front on high!
 Not meanly conscious of a mother's joy,
 Proud of thy son as Crete was of her Jove, [prove,
 How wert thou pleas'd Heav'n did thy choice ap- }
 And fixt success where thou hadst fixt thy love! 301 }
 How with regret his absence didst thou mourn!
 How with impatience wait his wish'd return!
 How were the winds accus'd for his delay!
 How didst thou chide the gods who rule the sea, 305
 And charge the Nereid nymphs to wash him on his way!

At length he comes, he ceases from his toil,
 Like kings of old returning from the spoil:
 To Britain and his queen for ever dear,
 He comes their joy and grateful thanks to share. 310
 Lowly he kneels before the royal seat,
 And lays its proudest wreaths at Anna's feet;
 While form'd alike for labours or for ease,
 In camps to thunder or in courts to please, 314
 Britain's bright nymphs make Marlborough their care,
 In all his dangers, all his triumphs, share:
 Conq'ring he lends the wellpleas'd fair new grace,
 And adds fresh lustre to each beauteous face;
 Britain preserv'd by his victorious arms 319
 With wondrous pleasure each fair bosom warms, }
 Lightens in all their eyes, and doubles all their }
 charms. }
 Ev'n his own Sunderland, in beauteous store }
 So rich she seem'd incapable of more, }
 Now shines with graces never known before; }

Fierce with transporting joy she seems to burn, 325
 And each soft feature takes a sprightly turn;
 New flames are seen to sparkle in her eyes,
 And on her blooming cheek fresh roses rise;
 The pleasing passion heightens each bright hue,
 And seems to touch the finish'd piece anew, 330
 Improves what Nature's bounteous hand had giv'n,
 And mends the fairest workmanship of Heav'n.

Nor joy like this in courts is only found,
 But spreads to all the grateful people round:
 Laborious hinds inur'd to rural toil, 335
 To tend the flocks and turn the mellow soil,
 In homely guise their honest hearts express,
 And bless the warrior who protects the peace,
 Who keeps the foe aloof, and drives afar
 The dreadful ravage of the wasting war: 340
 No rude destroyer cuts the rip'ning crop,
 Prevents the harvest and deludes their hope;
 No helpless wretches fly with wild amaze,
 Look weeping back and see their dwellings blaze;
 The victor's chain no mournful captives know, 345
 Nor hear the threats of the insulting foe,
 But Freedom laughs, the fruitful fields abound,
 The cheerful voice of Mirth is heard to sound,
 And Plenty doles her various bounties round. }
 The humble village and the wealthy town 350
 Consenting join their happiness to own,
 What Heav'n and Anna's gentlest reign afford,
 All is secur'd by Marlborough's conqu'ring sword.

O sacred, ever honour'd, name! O thou
 That wert our greatest William once below! 355

What place foe'er thy virtues now possess
 Near the bright source of everlasting bless,
 Where'er exalted to ethereal height
 Radiant with stars thou tread'st the fields of light,
 Thy seats divine, thy Heav'n, a while forsake, 365
 And deign the Britons' triumph to partake.
 Nor art thou chang'd, but still thou shalt delight
 To hear the fortune of the glorious fight,
 How fail'd oppression and prevail'd the right. }
 What orce below such still thy pleasures are; 365
 Europe and Liberty are still thy care:
 Thy great, thy gen'rous, pure, immortal, mind }
 Is ever to the publick good inclin'd,
 Is still the tyrant's foe, and patron of mankind. }
 Behold where Marlborough, thy last best gift, 370
 At parting to thy native Belgia left,
 Succeeds to all thy kind paternal cares,
 Thy watchful counsels and laborious wars,
 Like thee aspires by virtue to renown,
 Fights to secure an empire not his own, 375
 Reaps only toil himself, and gives away a crown. }
 At length thy pray'r, O pious Prince! is heard,
 Heav'n has at length in its own cause appear'd;
 At length Ramillia's field atones for all
 The faithless breaches of the perjur'd Gaul; 380
 At length a better age to man decreed,
 With truth, with peace and justice, shall succeed; }
 Fall'n are the proud, and the griev'd world is freed. }
 One triumph yet, my Muse! remains behind;
 Another vengeance yet the Gaul shall find: 385

On Lombard plains beyond his Alpine hills;
 Louis the force of hostile Britain feels:
 Swift to her friends distress'd her succours fly,
 And distant wars her wealthy sons supply;
 From slow unactive courts they grieve to hear 390
 Eugene, a name to ev'ry Briton dear,
 By tedious languishing delays is held
 Repining and impatient from the field,
 While factious statesmen riot in excess,
 And lazy priests whole provinces possess, 395
 Of unregarded wants the brave complain,
 And the starv'd soldier sues for bread in vain:
 At once with gen'rous indignation warm
 Britain the treasure sends, and bids the hero arm:
 Straight eager to the field he speeds away, 400
 There vows the victor Gaul shall dear repay
 The spoils of Calcinato's fatal day.
 Cheer'd by the presence of the chief they love,
 Once more their fate the warriors long to prove;
 Reviv'd each soldier lifts his drooping head, 405
 Forgets his wounds, and calls him on to lead.
 Again their crests the German Eagles rear,
 Stretch their broad wings and fan the Latian air;
 Greedy for battle and the prey they call,
 And point great Eugene's thunder on the Gaul, 410
 The chief commands, and soon in dread array
 Onwards the moving legions urge their way;
 With hardy marches and successful haste
 O'er ev'ry barrier fortunate they pass'd
 Which Nature or the skilful foe had plac'd. 415

The foe in vain with Gallick arts attends
 To mark which way the wary leader bends,
 Vainly in war's mysterious rules is wise,
 Lurks where tall woods and thickest coverts rise,
 And meanly hopes a conquest from surprise. 410 }
 Now with swift horse the plain around them beats,
 And oft' advances and as oft' retreats;
 Now fix'd to wait the coming force he seems,
 Secur'd by steepy banks and rapid streams,
 While river gods in vain exhaust their store, 425
 From plenteous urns the gushing torrents pour,
 Rise o'er their utmost margins to the plain,
 And strive to stay the warrior's haste in vain:
 Alike they pass the plain and closer wood,
 Explore the ford, and tempt the swelling flood; 430
 Unshaken still pursue the stedfast course, [force.
 And where they want their way they find it or they
 But anxious thoughts Savoy's great Prince infest,
 And roll ill boding in his careful breast:
 Oft' he revolves the ruins of the great, 435
 And sadly thinks on lost Bavaria's fate,
 The hapless mark of Fortune's cruel sport,
 An exile; meanly forc'd to beg support }
 From the slow bounties of a foreign court!
 Forc'd from his lov'd Turin, his last retreat, 440
 His glory once and empire's ancient seat,
 He sees from far where wide destructions spread,
 And fiery show'rs the goodly town invade,
 Then turns to mourn in vain his ruin'd state,
 And curse the unrelenting tyrant's hate. 445

But great Eugene prevents his ev'ry fear,
 He had resolv'd it, and he would be there :
 Not danger, toil, the tedious weary way,
 Nor all the Gallick pow'rs, his promis'd aid delay.
 Like Truth itself, unknowing how to fail, 450
 He scorn'd to doubt, and knew he must prevail.
 Thus ever certain does the sun appear,
 Bound by the law of Jove's eternal year;
 Thus constant to his course sets out at morn, 454
 Round the wide world in twice twelve hours is
 And to a moment keeps his fix'd return. [borne, }
 Straight to the town the heroes turn their care, }
 Their friendly succour for the brave prepare, }
 And on the foe united bend the war. 459 }
 O'er the steep trench and rampart's guarded height
 At once they rush and drive the rapid flight :
 With idle arms the Gallick legions seem
 To stem the rage of the resistless stream;
 At once it bears them down, at once they yield,
 Headlong are push'd and swept along the field : 465
 Resistance ceases, and it is war no more;
 At once the vanquish'd own the victor's pow'r:
 Thro'out the field where'er they turn their fight
 'Tis all or conquest or inglorious flight. 469
 Swift to their rescu'd friends their joys they bear, }
 With life and liberty at once they cheer, }
 And save them in the moment of despair. }
 So timely to the aid of sinking Rome
 With active haste did great Camillus come;

So to the Capitol he forc'd his way, 475
 So from the proud Barbarians snatch'd his prey,
 And sav'd his country in one signal day. }

From impious arms at length, O Louis! cease,
 And leave at length the lab'ring world in peace,
 Lest Heav'n disclose some yet more fatal scene, 480
 Fatal beyond Ramillia or Turin;
 Lest from thy hand thou see thy sceptre torn,
 And humbled in the dust thy losses mourn;
 Lest urg'd at length thy own repining slave,
 Tho' fond of burdens and in bondage brave, 485
 Pursue thy hoary head with curses to the grave. }

OCCASIONED BY HIS FIRST VISIT

TO LADY WARWICK

AT HOLLAND HOUSE.

I.

HEARING that Chloe's bow'r crown'd
 The summit of a neighb'ring hill,
 Where ev'ry rural joy was found,
 Where health and wealth were plac'd around
 To wait like servants on her will; 5

II.

I went and found it was as they said,
 That ev'ry thing look'd fresh and fair;
 Her herds in flow'ry pastures stray'd,
 Delightful was the greenwood shade,
 And gently breath'd the balmy air. 10

III.

But when I found my troubled heart
 Uneasy grown within my breast,

My breath came short, and in each part
Some new disorder seem'd to start,
Which pain'd me sore and broke my rest. 15

IV.

"Some noxious vapour sure," I said,
"From this unwholesome soil must rise;
"Some secret venom is convey'd
"Or from this field or from that shade
"That does the pow'rs of life surprife." 20

V.

Soon as the skilful leech beheld
The change that in my health was grown,
"Blame not," he cry'd, "nor wood nor field;
"Diseases which such symptoms yield
"Proceed from Chloe's eyes alone. 25

VI.

"Alike she kills in ev'ry air;
"The coldest breast her beauties warm;
"And tho' the fever took you there,
"If Chloe had not been so fair
"The place had never done you harm." 30

THE VISIT.

Wit and Beauty th' other day
Chanc'd to take me in their way,
And to make the favour greater
Brought the Graces and Goodnature,
Conversation care beguiling,
Joy in dimples ever smiling,

All the pleasures here below
 Men can ask or gods bestow.
 A jolly train, believe me! No :
 There were but two, Lepell * and How. 10

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

TO MRS. A—— D——.

I.

As on a summer's day
 In the greenwood shade I lay
 The maid that I lov'd,
 As her fancy mov'd,
 Came walking forth that way ; 5

II.

And as she pass'd by
 With a scornful glance of her eye,
 " What a shame," quoth she,
 " For a swain must it be
 " Like a lazy loon for to die! 10

III.

" And dost thou nothing heed
 " What Pan our god has decreed,
 " What a prize to-day
 " Shall be giv'n away
 " To the sweetest shepherd's reed? 15

IV.

" There is not a single swain
 " Of all this fruitful plain
 " But with hopes and fears

* Afterwards the celebrated Lady Harvey.

" Now busily prepares

" The bonny boon to gain. 20

V.

" Shall another maiden shine

" In brighter array than thine?

" Up, up, dull Swain!

" Tune thy pipe once again,

" And make the garland mine." 25

VI.

" Alas, my Love!" he cry'd,

" What avails this courtly pride?

" Since thy dear desert

" Is written in my heart

" What is all the world beside? 30

VII.

" To me thou art more gay

" In this homely russet grey

" Than the nymphs of our green

" So trim and so sheen,

" Or the brightest queen of May. 35

VIII.

" What tho' my fortune frown

" And deny thee a filken gown?

" My own dear Maid!

" Be content with this shade

" And a shepherd all thy own." 40

EPISTLES.

AN EPISTLE TO FLAVIA,

ON THE SIGHT OF

TWO PINDARICK ODES

ON THE SPLEEN AND VANITY.

*Written by a Lady * her Friend.*

FLAVIA, to you with safety I commend
This verse, the secret failing of your friend :
To your good nature I securely trust,
Who know that to conceal is to be just.
The Muse, like wretched maids by love undone, 5
From friends, acquaintance, and the light, would run;
Conscious of folly, fears attending shame,
Fears the censorious world, and loss of fame.
Some confident by chance she finds (tho' few
Pity the fools whom love or verse undo) 10
Whose fond compassion soothes her in the sin,
And sets her on to venture once again.
Sure in the better ages of old time
Nor poetry nor love was thought a crime;
From Heav'n they both, the gods' best gifts, were
Divinely perfect both and innocent. [sent;
Then were bad poets and loose loves not known; 17
None felt a warmth which they might blush to own :
Beneath cool shades our happy fathers lay,
And spent in pure untainted joys the day : 20
Artless their loves, artless their numbers, were, }
While Nature simply did in both appear,
Nor could the censor or the critick fear :

* Anne Countess of Winchelsea.

Pleas'd to be pleas'd they took what Heav'n be-
 Nor were too curious of the giv'n good. [slow'd,
 At length, like Indians fond of fancy'd toys, 26
 We lost being happy to be thought more wise.
 In one curs'd age to punish verse and sin
 Criticks and hangmen both at once came in.
 Wit and the laws had both the same ill fate, 30
 And partial tyrants sway'd in either state.
 Illnatur'd censure would be sure to damn
 An alien wit of independent fame,
 While Bays grown old and harden'd in offence
 Was suffer'd to write on in spite of sense. 35
 Back'd by his friends, th' invader brought along }
 A crew of foreign words into our tongue }
 To ruin and enslave the freeborn English song; }
 Still the prevailing faction propt his throne,
 And to four volumes let his Plays run on; 40
 Then a lewd tide of verse with vicious rage
 Broke in upon the morals of the age.
 The stage (whose art was once the mind to move
 To noble daring and to virtuous love)
 Precept with pleasure mix'd no more profess, 45
 But dealt in double-meaning bawdy jest;
 The shocking sounds offend the blushing fair,
 And drive them from the guilty theatre. [sprung,
 Ye wretched Bards! from whom these ills have
 Whom the avenging pow'rs have spar'd too long, 50
 Well may you fear the blow will surely come;
 Your Sodom has no Ten't' avert its doom,

G

Unless the fair Ardelia will alone
 To heav'n for all the guilty tribe atone;
 Nor can Ten saints do more than such a One:
 Since she alone of the poetick crowd
 To the false gods of Wit has never bow'd,
 The empire which she saves shall own her sway,
 And all Parnassus her bless'd laws obey.

Say from what sacred fountain; Nymph divine!
 The treasures flow which in thy verse do shine
 With what strange inspiration art thou blest!
 What more than Delphick ardour warms thy breast?
 Our sordid earth ne'er bred so bright a flame,
 But from the skies, thy kindred skies, it came.
 To numbers great like thine th' angelick quire
 In joyous concert tune the golden lyre;
 Viewing with pitying eyes our cares, with thee
 They wisely own that "All is vanity;"
 Ev'n all the joys which mortal minds can know,
 And find Ardelia's verse the least vain thing below.

If Pindar's name to those bless'd mansions reach,
 And mortal Muses may immortal teach,
 In verse like his the heav'nly nation raise
 Their tuneful voices to their Maker's praise
 Nor shall celestial harmony disdain
 For once to imitate an earthly strain;
 Whose fame secure no rival e'er can fear,
 But those above and fair Ardelia here,
 She who undaunted could his raptures view,
 And with bold wings his sacred heights pursue,
 Safe thro' the Dithyrambick stream she steer'd,
 Nor the rough deep in all its dangers fear'd.

Not so the rest, who with successless pain
Th' unnavigable torrent try'd in vain.

85

So Clelia leap'd into the rapid flood
While the Etruscans struck with wonder stood
Amidst the waves her rash pursuers dy'd;
The matchless dame could only stem the tide,
And gain the glory of the farther side.

90

See with what pomp the antick mask comes in,
The various forms of the fantastick spleen!
Vain empty laughter, howling grief and tears,
False joy, bred by false hope and falser fears,
Each vice, each passion, which pale Nature wears
In this odd monstrous medley mix'd appears.
Like Bays's dance, confus'dly round they run,
Statesman, coquette, gay fop and pensive nun,
Spectres and heroes, husbands and their wives,
With Monkish drones that dream away their lives.
Long have I labour'd with the dire disease,
Nor found but from Ardelia's numbers ease:
The dancing verse runs thro' my sluggish veins,
Where dull and cold the frozen blood remains.

Pale cares and anxious thoughts give way in haste,
And to returning joy resign my breast;
Then free from ev'ry pain I did endure
Ebliss the charming author of my cure.
So when to Saul the great musician play'd
The sullen fiend unwillingly obey'd;
And left the monarch's breast to seek some safer

[shade.]

I think no I should have been more than I am now

STANZAS

TO LADY WARWICK,

On Mr. Addison's going to Ireland.

I.

YE Gods and Nereid nymphs who rule the sea,
 Who chain loud storms and still the raging main!
 With care the gentle Lycidas convey,
 And bring the faithful lover safe again. 4

II.

When Albion's shore with cheerless heart he left,
 Pensive and sad upon the deck he stood,
 Of ev'ry joy in Chloe's eyes bereft,
 And wept his sorrows in the swelling flood. 8

III.

Ah, fairest Maid! whom, as I well divine,
 The righteous gods his just reward ordain,
 For his return thy pious wishes join,
 That thou at length mayst pay him for his pain. 12

IV.

And since his love does thine alone pursue,
 In arts unpractis'd and unus'd to range,
 I charge thee be by his example true,
 And shun thy sex's inclination, change. 16

V.

When crowds of youthful lovers round thee wait,
 And tender thoughts in sweetest words impart,
 When thou art woo'd by titles, wealth, and state,
 Then think on Lycidas and guard thy heart. 20

VI.

When the gay theatre shall charm thy eyes,
 When artful wit shall speak thy beauty's praise,
 When harmony shall thy soft soul surprise,
 Sooth all thy senses and thy passions raise; 24

VII.

Amidst whatever various joys appear,
 Yet breathe one sigh, for one sad minute mourn,
 Nor let thy heart know one delight sincere
 Till thy own truest Lycidas return. 28

TO LORD WARWICK,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

WHENfraught with all that grateful minds can move
 With friendship, tenderness, respect, and love,
 The Muse had wish'd on this returning day
 Something most worthy of herself to say,
 To Jove she offer'd up an humble pray'r 5
 To take the noble Warwick to his care:
 "Give him," she said, "whate'er diviner grace
 "Adorns the soul or beautifies the face;
 "Let manly constancy confirm his truth,
 "And gentlest manners crown his blooming youth:
 "Give him to fame, to virtue, to aspire, 11
 "Worthy our songs and thy informing fire;
 "All various praise, all honours let him prove,
 "Let men admire, and sighing virgins love;
 "With honest zeal inflame his gen'rous mind 15
 "To love his country and protect mankind."

Attentive to her pray'r the god reply'd,
 "Why dost thou ask what has not been deny'd?
 "Jove's bounteous hand has lavish'd all his pow'r,
 "And making what he is can add no more: 20
 "Yet since I joy in what I did create
 "I will prolong the fav'rite Warwick's fate, [date."
 "And lengthen out his years to some uncommon }

TO LADY JANE WHARTON,

ON HER STUDYING THE GLOBE.

WHILE o'er the Globe, fair Nymph! your searches
 And trace its rolling circuit round the sun, [run,
 You seem'd the world beneath you to survey
 With eyes ordain'd to give its people day;
 With two fair lamps methought your nations shone,
 While ours are poorly lighted up by one. 6
 How did those rays your happier empire gild!
 How clothe the flow'ry mead and fruitful field!
 Your earth was in eternal spring array'd,
 And laughing Joy amidst its natives play'd. 10

Such is their day, but cheerless is their night,
 No friendly moon reflects your absent light:
 And oh! when yet ere many years are past
 Those beams on other objects shall be plac'd,
 When some young hero with resistless art 15
 Shall draw those eyes and warm that virgin heart,
 How shall your creatures then their loss deplore,
 And want those suns that rise for them no more!
 The bliss you give will be confin'd to one,
 And for his sake your world must be undone. 20

TO MRS. PULTENEY,

UPON HER GOING ABROAD.

TIR'D with the frequent mischiefs of her eyes
 To distant climes the fair Belinda flies;
 She sees her spreading flames consume around,
 And not another conquest to be found:
 Secure in foreign realms at will to reign
 She leaves her vassals here with proud disdain;
 One only joy which in her heart she wears
 The dear companion of her flight she bears.
 Æneas thus a burning town forsook,
 Thus into banishment his gods he took,
 But to retrieve his native Troy's disgrace
 Fix'd a new empire in a happier place.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM

*On a Lady who shed her Water at seeing the Tragedy of
Cato, occasioned by an Epigram on a Lady who wept at it.*

WHILST maudlin Whigs deplore their Cato's fate,
Still with dry eyes the Tory Cælia sat;
But tho' her pride forbade her eyes to flow,
The gushing waters found a vent below.
Tho' secret, yet with copious streams she mourns,
Like twenty river gods with all their urns.
Let others screw an hypocritick face,
She shews her grief in a sincerer place,
Here Nature reigns and passion void of art,
For this road leads directly to the heart. 10

IMITATED IN LATIN.

PLORAT fata fui dum cætera turba Catonis,
Ecce! oculis siccis Cælia fixa sedet;
At quanquam lacrymis fastus vetat ora rigari,
Invenère viam quâ per opaca fluant:
Clam dolet illa quidem, manat tamèn humor abundè,
Numinis ex urnâ, ceu fluvialis aqua. 6
Distorquent aliæ vultus, simulantque dolorem:
Quæ magè sincera est Cælia parte dolet.
Quâ merâ natura est, non personata per artem,
Quâque itur rectâ cordis ad ima viâ. 10

EPIGRAM

TO THE TWO NEW MEMBERS FOR BRAMBER, 1708.

Tho' in the Commons' House you did prevail,
 Good Sir Cleeve Moore and gentle Master Hale!
 Yet on good luck be cautious of relying;
 Burgess for Bramber is no place to die in.
 Your predecessors have been oddly fated;
 Asgill and Shippen have been both translated.

EPIGRAM

*On the Prince of Wales, then Regent, appearing at the
 Fire in Spring-Garden, 1716.*

Thy Guardian, blest Britannia! scorns to sleep
 When the sad subjects of his father weep;
 Weak princes by their fears increase distress;
 He faces danger and so makes it less.
 Tyrants on blazing towns may smile with joy;
 He knows to save is greater than destroy.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR 1716.

I.

HAIL to thee, glorious rising Year!
 With what uncommon grace thy days appear!
 Condidly art thou in thy prime,
 Lovely child of hoary Time!
 Where thy golden footsteps tread
 Pleasures all around thee spread;
 Blifs and beauty grace thy train:
 Muse! strike the lyre to some immortal strain.
 But oh! what skill, what master-hand,
 Shall govern or constrain the wanton band! 10
 Loose like my verse they dance, and all without com-
 Images of fairest things [mand.
 Crowd about the speaking strings;
 Peace and sweet Prosperity,
 Faith and cheerful Loyalty, 15
 With smiling Love and deathless Poesy.
 Ye scowling Shades who break away,
 Well do ye fly and shun the purple day!
 Ev'ry fiend and fiend-like form,
 Black and fullen as a storm, 20
 Jealous Fear and false Surmise,
 Danger with her dreadful eyes,
 Faction, Fury, all are fled,
 And bold Rebellion hides her daring head.
 Behold, thou gracious Year! behold 25
 To whom thy treasures all thou shalt unfold,
 Forwhom thy whiter days were kept from times of old!

See thy George, for this is he! Crowding hills they see
 On his right-hand waiting free Beyond the reach of
 Britain and fair Liberty: Young Augustus! never see
 Ev'ry good is in his face; Plague of our prisons and
 Ev'ry open honest grace; Still pour the blessings for
 Thou great Plantagenet! immortal be thy race! All

III.

See the sacred fcion springs, Whether glory shall inspire
 See the glad promise of a line of kings! 33
 Royal Youth! what bard divine, Still the fair Helen
 Equal to a praise like thine, Dear to Alphon all his
 Shall in some exalted measure Patrons of righteous
 Sing thee, Britain's dearest treasure!

Who her joy in thee shall tell, 40
 Who the sprightly note shall swell, Ye potent Plumes
 His voice attempt'ring to the tuneful shell? On the o
 Thee Audenard's recorded field, All your kind
 Bold in thy brave paternal band, beheld, Here's rly P
 And saw with hopelefs heart thy fainting rival yield: 46
 Troubled he with sore dismay Which for a nation
 To thy stronger fate gave way; Britannia's Angel be
 Safe beneath thy noble scorn The growing race is
 Wingy footed was he borne George by thee was wa
 Swift as the fleeting shades upon the golden corn. 50

IV.

What valour, what distinguish'd worth, To the long
 From thee shall lead the coming ages forth! None
 Crested helms and shining shields, The collect
 Warriours fam'd in foreign fields, While his
 Hoary heads with olive bound, The bladed
 Kings and lawgivers renown'd!

Crowding still they rise anew
 Beyond the reach of deep prophetick view,
 Young Augustus! never cease,
 Pledge of our present and our future peace; 60
 Still pour the blessings forth and give thy great in-
 All the stock that Fate ordains [crease.
 To supply succeeding reigns,
 Whether glory shall inspire
 Gentler arts or martial fire, 65
 Still the fair descent shall be
 Dear to Albion all like thee,
 Patrons of righteous rules and foes to tyranny.

V.

Ye golden Lights who shine on high,
 Ye potent Planets who ascend the sky! 70
 On the op'ning Year dispense
 All your kindest influence:
 Heav'nly Pow'rs! be all prepar'd
 For our Carolina's guard:
 Short and easy be the pains 75
 Which for a nation's weal the heroine sustains.
 Britannia's Angel be thou near!
 The growing race is thy peculiar care;
 Oh spread thy sacred wing above the royal fair!
 George by thee was wafted o'er 80
 To the long expected shore;
 None presuming to withstand
 Thy celestial armed hand,
 While his sacred head to shade
 The blended Cross on high thy silver shield display'd.

VI. *to the Virgin Mary*

But oh! what other form divine 86

Propitious near the hero seems to shine!

Peace of mind and joy serene

In her sacred eyes are seen; 90

Honour binds her mirrored brow,

Faith and Truth beside her go,

With Zeal and pure Devotion bending low.

A thousand storms around her threat,

A thousand billows roar beneath her feet,

While fix'd upon a rock she keeps her stable seat. 95

Still in sign of sure defence

Trust and mutual confidence,

On the monarch standing by

Still she bends her gracious eye,

Nor fears her foes approach while Heav'n and he are

VII. *to the Virgin Mary* [night.

Hence then with ev'ry anxious care; 101

Be gone, pale Envy! and thou, cold Despair!

Seek ye out a moody cell

Where Deceit and Treason dwell;

There repining, raging, still

The idle air with curses fill,

There blast the pathless wild and the bleak northern

There your exile vainly moan; [hill;

There where with murmurs horrid as your own

Beneath the sweeping winds the bending forests groan;

But thou, Hope! with smiling cheer 111

Do thou bring the ready Year:

See the Hours! a chosen band,

See with jocund looks they stand
All in their trim array, and waiting for command. 115

VIII.

The welcome train begins to move,
Hope leads Increase and chaste Connubial Love;
Flora sweet her bounty spreads,
Smelling gardens, painted meads;
Ceres crowns the yellow plain,
Pan rewards the shepherd's pain:
All is plenty all is wealth,
And on the balmy air sits rosy colour'd Health.
I hear the mirth, I hear the land rejoice,
Like many waters swells the pealing noise,
While to their monarch thus they raise the publick
"Father of thy country! hail,
"Always ev'ry where prevail:
"Pious, valiant, just, and wise,
"Better suns for thee arise,
"Purer breezes fan the skies;
"Earth in fruits and flow'rs is drest,
"Joy abounds in ev'ry breast:
"For thee thy people all, for thee the Year, is blest. 134

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR 1717.

I.

WINTER! thou hoary venerable fire,
All richly in thy furry mantle clad,
What thoughts of mirth can feeble age inspire
To make thy careful wrinkled brow so glad?

II.

Now I see the reason plain,
Now I see thy jolly train;

Snowy headed Winter leads,
 Spring and Summer next succeeds,
 Yellow Autumn brings the rear :
 Thou art father of the Year. 10

III.

While from the frosty mellow'd earth
 Abounding plenty takes her birth,
 The conscious fire exulting sees
 The seasons spread their rich increase ;
 So dusky Night and Chaos smil'd
 On beauteous Form their lovely child. 15

IV.

O fair variety !
 What bliss thou dost supply !
 The foul brings forth the fair
 To deck the changing Year. 20

When our old pleasures die
 Some new one still is nigh ;
 Oh fair variety !

V.

Our passions like the seasons turn,
 And now we laugh and now we mourn. 25
 Britannia late oppress'd with dread
 Hung her declining drooping head :
 A better visage now she wears,
 And now at once she quits her fears :
 Strife and war no more she knows, 30
 Rebel sons nor foreign foes.

VI.

Safe beneath her mighty master
 In security she sits, H ij

Plants her loose foundations faster, W' he best
And her sorrows past forgets. 35

Happy Isle! the care of Heav'n,
To the guardian hero giv'n;
Unrepining still obey him,
Still with love and duty pay him. 40

Tho' he parted from thy shore
While contesting kings attend him,
Could he, Britain! give thee more
Than the pledge he left behind him? 43

ODE TO PEACE,

FOR THE YEAR 1718.

THOU fairest sweetest daughter of the skies,
Indulgent, gentle, life-restoring Peace!
With what auspicious beauties dost thou rise,
And Britain's new-revolving Janus blifs! 45

Hoary Winter smiles before thee,
Dances merrily along,
Hours and seasons all adore thee,
And for thee are ever young.
Ever, Goddess! thus appear,
Ever lead the joyful Year. 50

In thee the night, in thee the day, is blest;
In thee the dearest of the purple east:

'Tis thine immortal pleasures to impart,
Mirth to inspire, and raise the drooping heart;
To thee the pipe and tuneful string belong,
Thou theme eternal for the poet's song.

IV.

Awake the golden lyre,
Ye Heliconian choir!
Swell ev'ry note still higher,
And melody inspire
At heav'n and earth's desire.

V.

Hark, how the sounds agree
With due complacency!
Sweet Peace! it is all by thee,
For thou art harmony.

VI.

Who by Nature's fairest creatures
Can describe her heav'nly features?
What comparison can fit her?
Sweet are roses, she is sweeter;
Light is good, but Peace is better.
Would you see her such as Jove
Form'd for universal love,
Bless'd by men and gods above?
Would you ev'ry feature trace,
Ev'ry sweetly smiling grace?
Seek our Carolina's face.

VII.

Peace and she are Britain's treasures,
Fruitful in eternal pleasures;

Still their bounty shall increase us,
 Still their smiling offspring bless us.
 Happy day when each was giv'n
 By Cæsar and indulging Heav'n!

CHORUS.

Hail, ye celestial Pair!
 Still let Britannia be your care,
 And Peace and Carolina crown the Year.

ODE FOR THE KING'S BIRTHDAY,

1718.

I.

ON touch the string, celestial Muse! and say
 Why are peculiar times and seasons blest?
 Is it in fate that one distinguish'd day
 Should with more hallow'd purple paint the east?

II.

Look on life and nature's race,
 How the careless minutes pass,
 How they wear a common face;
 One is what another was
 Till the happy hero's worth
 Bid the festival stand forth,
 Till the golden light he crown,
 Till he mark it for his own.

III.

How had this glorious morning been forgot,
 Unthought of as the things that never were,
 Had not our greatest Cæsar been its lot,
 And call'd it from amongst the vulgar Year!

IV.

Now Nature be gay
 In the pride of thy May,
 To court let thy graces repair;
 Let **Flora** bestow
 The crown from her brow
 For our brighter **Britannia** to wear.
 Thro' ev'ry language of thy peopled earth,
 Far as the sea's or **Cæsar's** influence goes,
 Let **thankful** nations celebrate his birth,
 And bless the author of the world's repose.

VI.

Let **Volga** tumbling in cascades,
 And **Po** that glides thro' poplar shades,
 And **Tagus** bright in sands of gold,
 And **Arethusa**, rivers old;
 Their great deliv'rer sing;
 Nor, **Danube!** thou, whose winding flood
 So long has blush'd with **Turkish** blood,
 To **Cæsar** shall refuse a strain;
 Since now thy streams without a stain
 Run crystal as their spring.

CHORUS.

To mighty **George** that heals thy wounds,
 That names thy kings and marks thy bounds,
 The joyful voice, O **Europe!** raise:
 In the great mediator's praise
 Let all thy various tongues combine,
 And **Britain's** festival be thine.

ODE TO THE THAMES.

FOR THE YEAR 1719.

I.

KING of the Floods! whom friendly stars ordain
 To fold alternate in thy winding train
 The lofty palace and the fertile vale,
 King of the Floods! Britannia's darling, hail!
 Hail with the Year so well begun,
 And bid his each revolving sun
 Taught by thy streams in smooth succession run.

II.

From thy never failing urn
 Flowers bloom, and fair increase
 With the seasons take their turn;
 From thy tributary seas
 Tides of various wealth attend thee;
 Seas and seasons all befriend thee.

III.

Here on thy banks to mate the skies
 Augusta's hallow'd domes arise,
 And there thy ample bosom pours
 Her num'rous souls and floating tow'rs,
 Whose terrors late to vanquish'd Spain were known,
 And Ætna shook with thunder not her own.

IV.

Fullest flags thou dost sustain
 While thy banks confine thy course,
 Emblem of our Cæsar's reign,
 Mingling clemency and force.

V.

So mayst thou still secur'd by distant wars
 Ne'er stain thy cryстал with domestick jars; 25
 As Cæsar's reign, to Britain ever dear,
 Shall join with thee to bleſs the coming year. W

VI.

On thy shady margin
 Care its load discharging
 Is lull'd to gentle rest: 30
 Britain thus disarming,
 Nor no more alarming,
 Shall sleep on Cæsar's breast. A

VII.

Sweet to distress is balmy sleep,
 To sleep auspicious dreams, 35
 Thy meadows, Thames! to feeding sleep,
 To thirst thy silver streams;
 More sweet than all the praise
 Of Cæsar's golden days: 40
 Cæsar's praise is sweeter,
 Britain's pleasure greater:
 Still may Cæsar's reign excel;
 Sweet the praise of reigning well. 45

CHORUS.

Gentle Janus! ever wait
 As now on Britain's kindest fate; 48
 Crown all our vows and all thy gifts bestow
 Till Time no more renews his date
 And Thames forgets to flow. 48

SONGS.

SONG. A GAME AT FLATS*.

WHILE Sappho with harmonious airs
Her dear Philenis charms,
With equal joy the nymph appears
Dissolving in his arms. 4

II.
Thus to themselves alone they are
What all mankind can give;
Alternately the happy pair
All grant and all receive. 8

III.
Like the Twin Stars, so fam'd for friends,
Who set by turns and rise,
When one to Thetis' lap descends
His brother mounts the skies. 12

IV.
With happier fate and kinder care
These nymphs by turns do reign,
While still the falling does prepare
The rising to sustain. 16

V.
The joys of either sex in love
In each of them we read;
Successive each to each does prove
Fierce youth and yielding maid. 20

* These stanzas were made on Mrs. B——le and a lady her companion, whom she calls Captain.

SONG. COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

*To the Tune of Grim King of the Gbolls.***D**ESPAIRING beside a clear stream

A shepherd forsaken was laid,

And while a false nymph was his theme

A willow supported his head.

The wind that blew over the plain

To his sighs with a sigh did reply,

And the brook in return to his pain

Ran mournfully murmuring by.

II.

"Alas! silly swain that I was!"

Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,

"When first I beheld that fair face

" 'Twere better by far I had dy'd."

"She talk'd and I blest'd the dear tongue;

"When she smil'd it was a pleasure too great;

"I listen'd, and cry'd when she sung

"Was nightingale ever so sweet!"

III.

"How foolish was I to believe

"She could dote on so lowly a clown,

"Or that her fond heart wou'd not grieve

"To forsake the fine folk of the Town?

"To think that a beauty so gay

"So kind and so constant would prove,

"Or go clad like our maidens in grey,

"Or live in a cottage on love?"

IV.

"What tho' I have skill to complain,
 "Tho' the Muses my temples have crown'd,
 "What tho' when they hear my soft strain
 "The virgins sit weeping around
 "Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
 "Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
 "Thy false one inclines to a swain
 "Whose musick is sweeter than thine.

V.

"And you, my companions so dear,
 "Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 "Whatever I suffer forbear,
 "Forbear to accuse the false maids
 "Tho' thro' the wide world I should range
 "'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
 "'Twas her's to be false and to change,
 "'Tis mine to be constant and die.

VI.

"If while my hard fate I sustain
 "In her breast any pity is found,
 "Let her come with the nymphs of the plain
 "And see me laid low in the ground
 "The last humble boon that I crave
 "Is to shade me with cypress and yew,
 "And when she looks down on my grave
 "Let her own that her shepherd was true.

VII.

"Then to her new love let her go
 "And deck her in golden array,
 "Be finest at ev'ry fine show,

"And frolick it all the long day; 54

"While Colin, forgotten and gone,

"No more shall be talk'd of or seen,

"Unless when beneath the pale moon

"His ghost shall glide over the green." 56

REPLY, BY ANOTHER HAND.

YE Winds! to whom Colin complains

In ditties so sad and so sweet,

Believe me the shepherd but feigns

He is wretched to shew he has wit.

No charmer like Colin can move,

And this is some pretty new art:

Ah! Colin is a juggler in love,

And likes to play tricks with my heart. 8

II.

When he will he can sigh and look pale,

Seem doleful and alter his face,

Can tremble and alter his tale;

Ah! Colin has every pace.

The willow my rover prefers

To the breast where he once begg'd to lie,

And the streams that he swells with his tears

Are rivals belov'd more than I. 16

III.

His head my fond bosom wou'd bear,

And my heart wou'd soon beat him to rest;

Let the swain that is slighted despair,

But Colin is only in jest. 20

No death the deceiver designs ;
 Let the maid that is ruin'd despair ;
 For Colin but dies in his lines,
 And gives himself that modish air. 24

IV.

Can shepherds bred far from the court
 So wittily talk of their flame ?
 But Colin makes passion his sport ;
 Beware of so fatal a game. 28
 My voice of no musick can boast,
 Nor my person of ought that is fine,
 But Colin may find to his cost
 A face that is fairer than mine. 32

V.

Ah! then I will break my lov'd crook,
 To thee I'll bequeath all my sheep,
 And die in the much favour'd brook
 Where Colin does now sit and weep. 36
 'Then mourn the sad fate that you gave
 In sonnets so smooth and divine ;
 Perhaps I may rise from my grave
 To hear such soft musick as thine. 40

VI.

Of the violet, daisy, and rose,
 The hearts-ease, the lily, and pink,
 Did thy fingers a garland compose,
 And crown'd by the rivulet's brink. 44
 How oft' ; my dear Swain! did I swear
 How much my fond love did admire
 Thy verses, thy shape, and thy air,
 Tho' deck'd in thy rural attire. 48

VIL

Your sheephook you rul'd with such art
 That all your small subjects obey'd,
 And still you reign'd king of this heart,
 Whose passion you falsely upbraided. 52
 How often, my Swain! have I said
 Thy arms are a palace to me,
 And how well I could live in a shade
 Tho' adorned with nothing but thee? 56

VIII.

Oh! what are the sparks of the Town
 Tho' never so fine and so gay?
 I freely wou'd leave beds of down
 For thy breast on a bed of new hay. 60
 Then, Colin! return once again,
 Again make me happy in love;
 Let me find thee a faithful true swain,
 And as constant a nymph I will prove. 64

SONG

FOR THE KING'S BIRTHDAY, MAY 28, 1716.

I.

LAY thy flow'ry garlands by
 Ever-blooming gentle May!
 Other honours now are nigh,
 Other honours see we pay.
 Lay thy flow'ry garlands by, &c. 74

II.

Majesty and great Renown
 Wait thy beamy brow to crown.

Parent of our hero, thou
 George on Britain didst bestow,
 Thee the trumpet, thee the drum,
 With the plummy helm, become;
 Thee the spear and shining shield,
 With ev'ry trophy of the warlike field.

III.

Call thy better blessings forth
 For the honour of his birth;
 Still the voice of loud Commotion,
 Bid complaining murmurs cease;
 Lay the billows of the ocean,
 And compose the land in peace.
 Call thy better,

IV.

Queen of Odours, fragrant May!
 For this boon, this happy day,
 Janus with the double face
 Shall to thee resign his place;
 Thou shalt rule with better grace:
 Time from thee shall wait his doom,
 And thou shalt lead the Year for ev'ry age to come.

V.

Fairest month! in Cæsar pride thee,
 Nothing like him canst thou bring
 Tho' the Graces smile beside thee,
 Tho' thy bounty gives the spring.

VI.

Tho' like Flora thou array thee
 Finer than the painted bow,

Carolina shall repay thee
All thy sweetness, all thy show.

35

VII.

She herself a glory greater
Than thy golden sun discloses,
And her smiling offspring sweeter
Than the bloom of all thy roses.

39

SONG

ON A FINE WOMAN WHO HAD A DULL HUSBAND.

I.

WHEN on fair Celia's eyes I gaze,
And bless their light divine,
I stand confounded with amaze
To think on what they shine.

4

II.

On one vile clod of earth she seems
To fix their influence,
Which kindles not at those bright beams,
Nor wakens into sense.

8

III.

Lost and bewilder'd with the thought,
I could not but complain
That Nature's lavish hand had wrought
This fairest work in vain.

12

IV.

Thus some who have the stars survey'd
Are ignorantly led
To think those glorious lamps were made
To light Tom Fool to bed.

16

SONG. AH WILLOW!

TO MRS. A ——— D ——— IN HER SICKNESS.

I.

To the Brook and the Willow that heard him com-
 Ah Willow, Willow! [plain
 Poor Colin sat weeping and told them his pain,
 Ah Willow, Willow! ah Willow, Willow! 4

II.

Sweet Stream! he cry'd sadly, I'll teach thee to flow,
 Ah Willow! &c.
 And the waters shall rise to the brink with my wo,
 Ah Willow! &c. 8

III.

All restless and painful poor Amoret lies,
 Ah Willow! &c.
 And counts the sad moments of time as it flies,
 Ah Willow! &c. 12

IV.

To the nymph my heart loves ye soft slumbers re-
 Ah Willow! &c. [pair,
 Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her
 Ah Willow! &c. [your care,

V.

Dear Brook! were thy chance near her pillow to creep,
 Ah Willow! &c.
 Perhaps thy soft murmurs might lull her to sleep,
 Ah Willow! &c. 20

VI.

Let me be kept waking, my eyes never close;
 Ah Willow! &c.

So the sleep that I lose brings my fair one repose,

Ah Willow! &c. 24

VII.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,

Ah Willow! &c.

If the loss of my dear one, my love, is decreed,

Ah Willow! &c. 28

VIII.

If no more my sad heart by those eyes shall be cheer'd,

Ah Willow! &c.

If the voice of my warbler no more shall be heard,

Ah Willow! &c. 32

IX.

Believe me, thou fair one! thou dear one! believe,

Ah Willow! &c.

Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears, will I give,

Ah Willow! &c. 36

X.

One fate to thy Colin and thee shall be ty'd,

Ah Willow! &c.

And soon lay thy shepherd close by thy cold side,

Ah Willow! &c. 40

XI.

Then run, gentle Brook! and to lose thyself haste,

Ah Willow, Willow!

Fade thou too, my Willow! this verse is my last,

Ah Willow, Willow! ah Willow, Willow! 44

TO THE SAME SINGING.

WHAT charms in melody are found

To soften ev'ry pain!

How do we catch the healing sound
And feel the soothing strain!

Still when I hear thee, O my Fair!

I bid my heart rejoice;
I shake off ev'ry fullen care,
For sorrow flies thy voice. 8

The seasons Philomel obey
Whene'er they hear her sing;
She bids the winter fly away,
And she recalls the spring. 12

SONG. THE FAIR INCONSTANT.

HE.

SINCE I have long lov'd you in vain,
And doted on ev'ry feature,
Give me at length but leave to complain
Of so ungrateful a creature. 4

Tho' I beheld in your wandering eyes
The wanton symptoms of ranging,
Still I resolv'd against being wise,
And lov'd you in spite of your changing. 8

SHE. Why should you blame what Heav'n has made,
Or find any fault in creation?
'Tis not the crime of the faithless maid
But Nature's inclination. 12

'Tis not because I love you less,
Or think you not a true one,
But if the truth I must confess
I always lov'd a new one. 16

PROLOGUES.

PROLOGUE TO THE GAMESTER.

A COMEDY BY MRS. CENTLIVRE,

As it was acted at the New Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields 1704.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

If humble wives that drag the marriage chain
With curst dogged husbands may complain,
If turn'd at large to starve, as we by you,
They may at least for alimony sue.
Know we resolve to make the case our own
Between the plaintiff Stage and the defendant Town.
When first you took us from our father's house,
And lovingly our int'rest did espouse,
You kept us fine, carest'd, and lodg'd us here,
And honey-moon held out above three year:
At length, for pleasures known do seldom last,
Frequent enjoyment pall'd your sprightly taste;
And tho' at first you did not quite neglect,
We found your love was dwindled to respect.
Sometimes indeed, as in your way it fell,
You stopp'd and call'd to see if we were well:
Now quite estrang'd this wretched place you shun,
Like bad wine, bus'ness, duels, and a dun.
Have we for this increas'd Apollo's race,
Been often pregnant with your wit's embrace,
And borne you many chopping babes of grace?
Some ugly toads we had, and that is the curse;
They were so like you that you far'd the worse;

For this to-night we are not much in pain;
 Look on it, and if you like it entertain: 23
 If all the midwife says of it be true
 There are some features too like some of you:
 For us, if you think fitting to forsake it
 We mean to run away and let the parish take it. 29

PROLOGUE TO THE NONJUROR.

A COMEDY BY MR. CIBBER,

As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane 1718.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

To-night, ye Whigs and Tories! both be safe,
 Nor hope at one another's cost to laugh.
 We mean to soufe old Satan and the Pope;
 They 've no relations here nor friends we hope.
 A tool of theirs supplies the comick stage 5
 With just materials for satirick rage;
 Nor think our colours may too strongly paint
 The stiff Nonjuring separation saint.
 Good-breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
 To those who give the nation to the devil, 10
 Who at our surest best foundation strike,
 And hate our monarch and our church alike;
 Our church—which aw'd with reverential fear
 Scarcely the Muse presumes to mention here:
 Long may she these her worst of foes defy, 15
 And lift her mitred head triumphant to the sky!
 While theirs——but satire silently disdains
 To name what lives not but in madmens' brains.

Like bawds each lurking pastor seeks the dark,
 And fears the Justice's inquiring clerk. 20
 In close back rooms his routed flocks he rallies,
 And reigns the patriarch of blind lanes and allies:
 There safe he lets his thund'ring censures fly,
 Unchristens, damns us, gives our laws the lie,
 And excommunicates three stories high. 25 }
 Why, since a land of liberty they hate,
 Still will they linger in this freeborn state?
 Here ev'ry hour fresh hateful objects rise;
 Peace and prosperity afflict their eyes;
 With anguish prince and people they survey, 30
 Their just obedience and his righteous sway.
 Ship off, ye Slaves! and seek some passive land
 Where tyrants after your own hearts command;
 To your Transalpine master's rule resort,
 And fill an empty abdicated court: 35
 Turn your possessions here to ready rhino,
 And buy ye lands and lordships at Urbino. 37

EPILOGUES.

EPILOGUE TO THE INCONSTANT,

OR,

THE WAY TO WIN HIM.

A COMEDY BY MR. FARQUHAR,

As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane 1793.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

FROM Fletcher's great original * to-day
We took the hint of this our modern play:
Our author from his lines has strove to paint
A witty, wild, inconstant, free, gallant,
With a gay soul, with sense, and will to rove, }
With language and with softness fram'd to move, }
With little truth, but with a world of love. }
Such forms on maids in morning-slumbers wait, }
When fancy first instructs their hearts to beat, }
When first they wish and sigh for what they know }
not yet. 10

Frown not, ye Fair! to think your lovers may
Reach your cold hearts by some unguarded way;
Let Villeroi's misfortune make you wise;
There is danger still in darkness and surprise:
Tho' from his rampart he defy'd the foe 15
Prince Eugene found an aqueduct below.
With easy freedom and a gay address
A pressing lover seldom wants success,
Whilst the respectful, like the Greek, sits down
And wastes a ten years siege before one town. 20

* See The Wildgobsechase.

For her own sake let no forsaken maid
 Our wanderer for want of love upbraid;
 Since it is a secret none should e'er confess
 That they have lost the happy pow'r to please;
 If you suspect the rogue inclin'd to break,
 Break first, and swear you've turn'd him off a week;
 As princes when they resty statesmen doubt
 Before they can surrender turn them out
 Whate'er you think grave uses may be made
 As much ev'n for inconstancy be said;
 Let the good man for marriage rites design
 With studious care and diligence of mind
 Turn over ev'ry page of womankind,
 Mark ev'ry sense and how the readings vary,
 And when he knows the worst on't—let him marry.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY,

*At the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 7th April 1709,
 at her playing in Love for Love with Mrs. Brace-
 girdle for the Benefit of Mr. Betterton.*

As some brave knight who once with spear and shield
 Had sought renown in many a wellfought field,
 But now no more with sacred fame inspir'd
 Was to a peaceful hermitage retir'd,
 There if by chance disastrous tales he hears
 Of matrons' wrongs and captive virgins' tears,
 He feels soft pity urge his gen'rous breast,
 And vows once more to succour the distressed.

Buckled in mail he sallies on the plain,
And turns him to the feats of arms again:

So we, to former leagues of friendship true,
Have bid since more our peaceful homes adieu;
To aid old Thomas and to pleasure you:
Like errant damsels boldly we engage,
Arm'd as you see for the defenceless stage;
Time was when this good man no help did lack,
And scorn'd that any should hold his back;
But now, to age and frailty have ordain'd,
By two* at once he is forc'd to be sustain'd;
You see what failing Nature brings man to,
And yet let none insult; for bight we know
She may not wear so well with some of you:
The old you find his strength is not clean past,
But true as steel he is metal to the last.

If better he perform'd in days of yore
Yet now he gives you all that is in his pow'r;
What can the youngest of you all do more?

What he has been, tho' present praise be dumb,
Shall happ'ly be a theme in times to come,
As now we talk of Roscius and of Rome.

Had you withheld your favours on this night
Old Shakspeare's ghost had ris'n to do him right;
With indignation had you seen him frown
Upon a worthless, witless, tasteless Town;
Griev'd and repining you had heard him say:
Why are the Muse's labours cast away?
Why did I write what only he could play?

* Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle clasp him round the waist.

But since like friends to Wit thus throng'd you meet,
Go on and make the generous work complete;
Be true to merit, and still own his cause;
Kind something for him more than bare applause.
In just remembrance of your pleasures past,
Be kind, and give him a discharge at last;
In peace and ease life's remnant let him wear,
And hang his consecrated bust in ^{the} there.

EPILOGUE TO THE CRUEL GIFT.

A TRAGEDY. BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane 1717.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

Well! it was a narrow ^{way} escape my lover made;
That cup and message—I was sore afraid—
Was that a present for a new-made widow,
All in her dismal dumps like doleful Didadly Ted?
When one peep'd in—and hop'd for something good,
There was—oh Gad! a nasty heart and blood!
If the old man had shewn himself a father
His bowl should have enclos'd a cordial rather,
Something to cheer me up amidst my trances;
L'Éduca Bards—or comfortable Nantz!

* Pointing to the top of the stage.

† This tragedy was founded upon the story of Segismunda and Guiscardo, one of Boccace's novels, wherein the heart of the lover is sent by the father to his daughter as a present.

‡ i. e. Citron-water and good brandy.

He thought he paid it off with being smart,
 And to be witty cry'd he'd send the heart.
 I could have told his gravity moreover,
 Were I our sex's secrets to discover,
 'Tis what we never look'd for in a lover.
 Let but the bridegroom prudently provide
 All other matters fitting for a bride;
 So he make good the jewels and the jointure,
 To miss the heart does seldom disappoint her.
 Faith for the fashion hearts of late are made in
 They are the vilest baubles we can trade in
 Where are the tough brave Britons to be found
 With hearts of oak so much of old renown'd
 How many worthy gentlemen of late
 Swore to be true to Mother Church and state,
 When their false hearts were secretly maintaining
 Yon' trim king Pepin at Avignon reigning?
 Shame on the canting crew of soul insurers,
 The Tyburn tribe of speech-making Nonjurors,
 Who in newfangled terms old truths explaining
 Teach honest Englishmen damn'd double-meaning!
 Oh! would you lost integrity restore,
 And boast that faith your plain forefathers bore,
 What surer pattern can you hope to find
 Than that dear pledge * your monarch left behind?
 See how his looks his honest heart explain,
 And speak the blessings of his future reign!
 In his each feature truth and candour trace,
 And read plaindealing written in his face.

* The Prince of Wales then present.

IMITATIONS, &c.

THE GOLDEN VERSES

OF PYTHAGORAS

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

TO THE READER.

I Hope the reader will forgive the liberty I have taken in translating these Verses somewhat at large, without which it would have been almost impossible to bring in any kind of turn in English poetry to so dry a subject. The sense of the author is I hope no where mistaken; and if there seems in some places to be some additions in the English verses to the Greek text, they are only such as may be justified from Hierocles's Commentary, and delivered by him as the larger and explained sense of the author's short precept. I have in some few places ventured to differ from the learned Mr. Dacier's French interpretation; yet those that shall give themselves the trouble of a strict comparison will find how far I am in the right is left to the reader to determine.

FIRST to the gods thy humble homage pay;
The greatest this and first of laws obey;
Perform thy vows, observe thy plighted troth,
And let religion bind thee to thy oath.
The heroes next demand thy just regard,
Renown'd on earth and to the stars prefer'd;
To light and endless life, their virtue's sure reward.

Due rites perform and honours to the dead,
 To ev'ry wise to ev'ry pious shade.
 With lowly duty to thy parents bow, 10
 And grace and favour to thy kindred show.
 For what concerns the rest of humankind }
 Chuse out the man to virtue best inclin'd, }
 Him to thy arms receive, him to thy bosom bind. }
 Possess'd of such a friend preserve him still, 15
 Nor thwart his counsels with thy stubborn will;
 Pliant to all his admonitions prove,
 And yield to all his offices of love:
 Him from thy heart so true, so justly dear,
 Let no rash word nor light offences tear; 20
 Bear all thou canst, still with his failings strive,
 And to the utmost still and still forgive;
 For strong necessity alone explores
 The secret vigour of our latent pow'rs,
 Rouses and urges on the lazy heart, 25
 Force to itself unknown before t' exert.
 By use thy stronger appetites assuage,
 Thy gluttony, thy sloth, thy lust, thy rage.
 From each dishonest act of shame forbear;
 Of others and thyself alike beware: 30
 Let rev'rence of thyself thy thoughts control,
 And guard the sacred temple of thy soul;
 Let justice o'er thy word and deed preside,
 And reason ev'n thy meanest actions guide;
 For know that death is man's appointed doom, 35
 Know that the day of great account will come,

When thy past life shall strictly be survey'd,
 Each word, each deed, be in the balance laid,
 And all the good and all the ill most justly be repaid.
 For wealth, the perishing uncertain good,
 Ebbing and flowing like the fickle flood,
 That knows no sure no fix'd abiding place,
 But wand'ring loves from hand to hand to pass,
 Revolve the getter's joy and loser's pain,
 And think if it be worth thy while to gain.
 Of all those sorrows that attend mankind
 With patience bear the lot to thee assign'd,
 Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load,
 For know what man calls Fortune is from God.
 In what thou may'st from Wisdom seek relief,
 And let her healing hand assuage thy grief,
 Yet still whate'er the right'ous doom ordains,
 What cause soever multiplies thy pains,
 Let not those pains as ills be understood,
 For God delights not to afflict the good.
 The reas'ning art to various ends apply'd,
 Is oft' a sure but oft' an erring guide;
 Thy judgment therefore sound and cool preserve,
 Nor lightly from thy resolution swerve.
 The dazzling pomp of words does oft' deceive,
 And sweet persuasion wins the easy to believe.
 When fools and liars labour to persuade,
 Be dumb, and let the babblers vainly plead.
 This above all, this precept, chiefly learn,
 This nearly does and first thyself concern;
 Observe that which is said, and not the words,
 To guard thy soul from wrong.

Let not example, let no soothing tongue,
 Prevail upon thee with a Siren's song,
 To do thy soul's immortal essence wrong,
 Of good and ill by words or deeds express'd
 Chuse for thyself, and always chuse the best.

Let wary thought each enterprize forerun,
 And ponder on thy talk before begun,
 Lest folly should the wretched work deface,
 And mock thy fruitless labours with disgrace.
 Fools huddle on, and always are in haste,
 And without thought, and thoughtless words they
 But thou in all thou dost with early cares
 Strive to prevent at first a fate like theirs,
 That sorrow on the end may never wait,
 Nor sharp repentance make thee wise too late.

Beware thy meddling hand in aught to try
 That does beyond thy reach of knowledge lie,
 But seek to know and bend thy serious thought
 To search the profitable knowledge out;
 So joys on joys for ever shall increase,
 Wisdom shall crown thy labours, and shall bless
 Thy life with pleasure and thy end with peace.

Nor let the body want its part, but share
 A just proportion of thy tender care:
 For health and welfare prudently provide,
 And let its lawful wants be all supply'd;
 Let sober draughts refresh, and wholesome fare
 Decaying nature's wasted force repair,
 And sprightly exercise the duller spirits cheer.
 In all things still which to this care belong
 Observe this rule, to guard thy soul from wrong.

By virtuous use thy life and manners frame;
Manly, and simply pure, and free from blame.

Provoke not Envy's deadly rage, but fly
The glancing curse of her malicious eye. 100

Seek not in needless luxury to waste
Thy wealth and substance with a spendthrift's haste:

Yet flying these, be watchful lest thy mind
Prone to extremes an equal danger find,

And be to fordid avarice inclin'd:
Distant alike from each to neither lean,

But ever keep the happy golden mean.

Be careful still to guard thy soul from wrong,
And let thy thought prevent thy hand and tongue.

Let not the stealing god of Sleep surprise,
Nor creep in slumbers on thy weary eyes,

Ere ev'ry action of the former day
Strictly thou dost and righteously survey.

With rev'rence at thy own tribunal stand,
And answer justly to thy own demand, 115

Where have I been? in what have I transgress'd?
What good or ill has this day's life express'd?

Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?
In what to God, to man, or to myself, I owe?

Inquire severe whate'er from first to last
From morning's dawn till ev'ning's gloom has past. 120

If evil were thy deeds, repenting mourn,
And let thy soul with strong remorse be torn:

If good, the good with peace of mind repay,
And to thy secret self with pleasure say, 125

"Rejoice, my Heart! for all went well to-day."

These thoughts; and chiefly these, thy mind should
 Employ thy study and engage thy love. *but [more,*
 These are the rules which will to Virtue lead you
 And teach thy feet her heav'nly paths to tread; 136
 This by his name I swear whose sacred lore
 First to mankind explain'd the mystick Four, *now yd }*
 Source of eternal Nature and almighty pow'r. *ye 13 }*

In all thou dost first let thy pray'rs ascend; 137
 And to thy gods thy labours first commend; *[end c }*
 From them implore success, and hope a prosp'rous
 So shall thy abler mind be taught to soar,
 And Wisdom in her secret ways explore;
 To range thro' heav'n above and earth below
 Immortal gods and mortal men to know; 140
 So shalt thou learn what pow'r does all controul
 What bounds the parts and what unites the whole,
 And rightly judge in all this wondrous frame
 How universal Nature is the same:
 So shalt thou ne'er thy vain affections place
 On hopes of what shall never come to pass; 145

Man, wretched Man! thou shalt be taught to know,
 Who bears within himself the inborn cause of woe
 Unhappy race! that never yet could tell
 How near their good and happiness they dwell; 150
 Depriv'd of sense they neither hear nor see,
 Fetter'd in vice they seek not to be free,
 But stupid to their own sad fate agree;
 Like pond'rous rolling stones oppress'd with ill,
 The weight that loads them makes them roll on still,
 Bereft of choice and freedom of the will; 156

For native strife in ev'ry bosom reigns,
 And secretly an impious war maintains:
 Provoke not this, but let the combat cease,
 And ev'ry yielding passion sue for peace. 160

Wouldst thou, great Jove! thou father of man-
 Reveal the demon for that task assign'd, }
 The wretched race an end of woes would find. }
 And yet be bold, O Man! divine thou art,
 And of the gods' celestial essence part; 165
 Nor sacred nature is from thee conceal'd,
 But to thy race her mystick rules reveal'd:
 These if to know thou happily attain
 Soon shalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain,
 Thy wounded soul to health thou shalt restore, 170
 And free from ev'ry pain she felt before.

Abstain I warn from meats unclean and foul;
 So keep thy body pure, so free thy soul,
 So rightly judge, thy reason so maintain,
 Reason which Heav'n did for thy guide ordain; }
 Let that best reason ever hold the rein. 176 }

Then if this mortal body thou forsake,
 And thy glad flight to the pure ether take,
 Among the gods exalted shalt thou shine,
 Immortal, incorruptible, divine;
 The tyrant Death securely shalt thou brave,
 And scorn the dark dominion of the grave. 182

HOR. LIB. II. ODE IV.

AD XANTHIAM.

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori,
 Xanthia Phocæu : prius insolentem
 Serva Briseis niveo colore
 Movit Achillem.

Movit Ajacem, Telamone natum,
 Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ :
 Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
 Virgine raptâ :

Barbaræ postquam cecidere turmæ
 Thessalo victore, et ademptus Hector
 Tradidit fessis leviora tolli
 Pergamæ Graiis.

Nescias, en te generum beati
 Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes :
 Regium certè genus, et Penates
 Mœrèt iniquos.

Crede non illam tibi de scelestâ
 Plebe delectam : neque sic fidelem,
 Sic lucro averfam potuisse nasci
 Matre pudendâ.

VI.

Brachia et vultum; tenebreque tenebras
 Integer laudo; fuge suspicari,
 Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
 Claudere lustrum.

HOR. B. II. ODE IV. IMITATED.

THE LORD GRIFFIN TO THE EARL OF SCARSDALE.

Do not, most fragrant Earl, disclaim
 Thy bright thy reputable flame
 To Bracegirdle the brow,

But publicly espouse the dame,
 And say G—— d—— the Town.

Full many heroes fierce and keen
 With drabs have deeply smitten been
 Altho' right good commanders,

Some who with you have Hounslow seen,
 And some who 've been in Flanders.

Did not base Greber's Pegg * inflame
 The sober Earl of Nottingham,
 Of sober fire descended?

That careless of his soul and fame
 To playhouses he nightly came
 And left church undefended.

* Signora Francesco Marguareta de l'Epine, an Italian song-
 stress.

IV.

The monarch who of France is height,
 Who rules the roast with matchless might
 Since William went to heav'n,
 Loves Maintenon, his lady bright,
 Who was but Scarron's leaving. 21

Tho' thy dear's father kept an inn
 At grisly Head of Saracen
 For carriers at Northampton,
 Yet she might come of gentler kin
 Than e'er that father dreamt on. 26

VI.

Of proffers large her choice had she,
 Of jewels, plate, and land in fee,
 Which she with scorn rejected;
 And can a nymph so virtuous be
 Of base born blood suspected? 31

VII.

Her dimple cheek and roguish eye,
 Her slender waist and taper thigh,
 I always thought provoking;
 But faith tho' I talk waggishly
 I mean no more than joking. 36

VIII.

Then be not jealous, Friend! for why?
 My lady Marchioness is nigh
 To see I ne'er should hurt ye;
 Besides you know full well that I
 Am turn'd of five-and-forty. 41

HOR. LIB. III. ODE IX.

AD LYDIAM.

DONEC gratus eram tibi,
 Nec quisquam, potior brachia candida
 Cervici juvenis dabat,
 Perfarum vigui Rege beator.

LYD. Donec non alia magis
 Artisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën,
 Multi Lydia nominis
 Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.

HOR. Me nunc Cressa Chloë regit,
 Dulces docta modos, et Citharæ sciens:
 Pro qua non metuum mori,
 Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

LYD. Me torret face mutuâ
 Thurini Calais filius Ornithi:
 Pro quo bis patiar mori
 Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

HOR. Quid, si prisca redit Venus?
 Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo?
 Si flava excutitur Chloë,
 Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

LYD. Quanquam fidere pulchrior
 Ille est, tu levior cortice, et improbo
 Iracundior Adriâ,
 Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

THE RECONCILEMENT BETWEEN

JACOB TONSON AND MR. CONGREVE.

AN IMITATION OF HOR. BOOK III. ODE IX.

TONSON.

WHILE at my house in Fleetstreet once you lay,
How merrily, dear Sir! time pass'd away?
While "I partook your wine, your wit, and mirth,
"I was the happiell creature on God's yearth!"

CON. While in your early days of reputation
You for blue garters had not such a passion,
While yet you did not use (as now your trade is)
To drink with noble lords and toast their ladies,
Thou, Jacob Tonson! wert to my conceiving
The cheerfullest, best, honestest, fellow living.

TON. I'm in with Captain Vanbrugh at the present,
A most sweet natur'd gentleman and pleasant
He writes your comedies, draws schemes and models,
And builds dukes' houses upon very odd hills;
For him so much I dote on him that
If I was sure to go to heav'n would die.

CON. Temple † and Delaval are now my party,
Men that are tam *Mirourio* both *quam Marto*;
And tho' for them I shall scarce go to heav'n,
Yet I can drink with them six nights in sevn.

* Tonson (Sen.) his dialect.

† Sir Richard Temple, afterwards Lord Cobham.

TON. What if from Van's dear arms I should retire
 And once more warm my bunnians † at your fire? 2
 If I to Bowstreet should invite you home,
 And set a bed up in my dining-room, }
 Tell me, dear Mr. Congreve! would you come? }

CON. Tho' the gay sailor and the gentle knight 26
 Were ten times more my joy and heart's delight,
 Tho' civil persons they, you ruder were,
 And had more humours than a dancing bear,
 Yet for your sake I'd bid them both adieu,
 And live and die, dear Bob! with only you. 31

HOR. LIB. III. ODE XXI.

AD AMPHORAM.

I.
 ONATA mecum Consule Manlio,
 Seu tu querelas, sive geris jocos,
 Seu ritam, et infanos amores,
 Seu-facilem, pia testa, somnum: 4

II.

Quocunque lectum nomine Massicum
 Servas, moveri digna bono die:
 Descende, Corvino jubente,
 Promere languidiora vina. 8

III.

Non ille, quanquam Socraticis madet
 Sermonibus, te negliget horridus:

† Jacob's term for his corns.

Narratur et prisca Catonis
Sapè mero caluisse virtus.

Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves,
Plerumque duro: tu sapientium
Curas, et arcanum jocoso
Consilium retegis Lyxo.

Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiiis,
Viresque, et addis cornua pauperi,
Post te neque iratos trementi
Regum apices, neque militum arma.

Te Liber, et, si læta aderit Venus,
Segnesque nodum solvere Gratia,
Vivæque producent lucernæ,
Dum rediens fugat astra Phœbus.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE XXI.

TO HIS CASK.

HAIL, gentle Cask! whose venerable head,
With hoary down and ancient dust o'erspread,
Proclaims that since the vine first brought thee forth
Old age has added to thy worth,
Whether the sprightly juice thou dost contain
Thy votaries will to wit and love
Or senseless noise and lewdness move,
Or sleep, the cure of these and ev'ry other pain.

Since to some day propitious and great
 Justly at first thou was design'd by Fate, 16
 This day, the happiest of thy many years,
 With thee I will forget my cares;
 To my Corvinus' health thou shalt go round,
 (Since thou art ripen'd for to-day,
 And longer age would bring decay) 17

Till ev'ry anxious thought in the rich stream be
 III. [drown'd.]

To thee my friend his roughness shall submit,
 And Socrates himself a while forget.
 Thus when old Cato would sometimes unbend
 The rugged stiffness of his mind, 20
 Stern and severe the Stoick quaff'd his bowl,
 His frozen virtue felt the charm,
 And soon grew pleas'd and soon grew warm, [soul]

And blest the sprightly pow'r that cheer'd his gloomy
 IV.

With kind constraint ill nature thou dost bend, 25
 And mould the snarling Cynick to a friend.
 The sage reserv'd, and fam'd for gravity,
 Finds all he knows summ'd up in thee,
 And by thy pow'r unlock'd grows easy, gay, and free. }

The swain who did some cred'ulous nymph persuade
 To grant him all, inspir'd by thee 31
 Devotes her to his vanity,
 And to his fellow fops toasts the abandon'd maid.

V.

The wretch who press'd beneath a load of cares,
 And lab'ring with continual woes despairs, 35

If thy kind warmth does his chill'd sense invade,
 From earth he rears his drooping head;
 Reviv'd by thee he ceases now to mourn;
 His flying cares give way to haste,
 And to the god resign his breast, 40
 Where hopes of better days and better things return.

VI.

The lab'ring hind who with hard toil and pains
 Amidst his wants a wretched life maintains,
 If thy rich juice his homely supper crown,
 Hot with thy fires and bolder grown, 45
 Of kings and of their arbitrary pow'r,
 And how by impious arms they reign,
 Fiercely he talks with rude disdain,
 And vows to be a slave, to be a wretch, no more. 49

VII.

Fair queen of Love, and thou great god of Wine! }
 Hear ev'ry Grace and all ye Pow'rs divine, }
 All that to mirth and friendship do incline! }
 Crown this auspicious Cask and happy night
 With all things that can give delight;
 Be ev'ry care and anxious thought away! 55
 Ye Tapers! still be bright and clear,
 Rival the moon and each pale star; [day.
 Your beams shall yield to none but his who brings the

HOR. LIB. IV. ODE I.

AD VENEREM.

INTERMISSA Venus diu,
 Rursus bella moves: Parce, precor, precor.

Non sum qualis eram bonæ sub regno Cynaræ desine dulcium
 Mater sæva Cupidinum,
 Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
 Jam duram imperiis: abi
 Quo blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.
 Tempestivus in domo
 Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,
 Commeffabere Maximi,
 Si torrere jectæ quæris idoneum,
 Namque et nobilis, et decens,
 Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis,
 Et centum puer artium,
 Latè signa feret militiæ tuæ,
 Et, quandoque potentior
 Largis muneribus riserit æmuli,
 Albanos prope, te, lacus
 Ponet marmoream sub trabe Citræa,
 Illic plurima naribus
 Ducēs thura, lyraque, et Berecynthiæ
 Delectare tibie
 Mistis carminibus, non sine fistula.
 Illic bis pueri die
 Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
 Laudantes, pede candido
 In morem Salium ter quatiunt humum
 Me nec sæmina, nec puer
 Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
 Nec certare juvat mero,
 Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.

Sed cur heu, Ligurine, cur
 Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?
 Cur facunda parum decoro 35
 Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?
 Nocturnis te ego somniis
 Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor
 Te per gramina Martii
 Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles. 40

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

ONCE more the queen of Love invades my breast,
 Late with long ease and peaceful pleasures blest;
 Spare, spare the wretch that still has been thy slave,
 And let my former service have
 The merit to protect me to the grave. 5
 Much am I chang'd from what I once have been,
 When under Cynera the good and fair
 With joy I did thy fetters wear,
 Bless'd in the gentle sway of an indulgent queen.
 Stiff, and unequal to the labour now, 10
 With pain my neck beneath thy yoke I bow.
 Why dost thou urge me still to bear? Oh! why
 Dost thou not much rather fly
 To youthful breasts, to mirth and gayety?
 Go, bid thy swans their glossy wings expand, 15
 And swiftly thro' the yielding air
 To Damon thee their goddesses bear,
 Worthy to be thy slave, and fit for thy command.

Noble and graceful, witty, gay and young,
 Joy in his heart, love on his charming tongue, 20
 Skill'd in a thousand soft prevailing arts;
 With wondrous force the youth imparts
 Thy pow'r to unexperienc'd virgins' hearts. }
 Far shall he stretch the bounds of thy command;
 And if thou shalt his wishes bless 25
 Beyond his rivals with success,
 In gold and marble shall thy statues stand.
 Beneath the sacred shade of Odel's wood,
 Or on the banks of Ouse's gentle flood,
 With od'rous beams a temple he shall raise 30
 For ever sacred to thy praise,
 Till the fair stream, and wood, and love itself, decays. }
 There while rich incense on thy altar burns
 Thy votaries, the nymphs and swains, 34
 In melting soft harmonious strains, [turns.
 Mix'd with the softer flutes, shall tell their flames by
 As Love and Beauty with the light are born,
 So with the day thy honours shall return.
 Some lovely youth pair'd with a blushing maid }
 A troop of either sex shall lead 40
 And twice the Salian measures round thy altars tread. }
 Thus with an equal empire o'er the light
 The queen of Love and god of Wit
 Together rise, together sit:
 But, Goddess! do thou stay and bless alone the night;
 There mayst thou reign while I forget to love; 46
 No more false beauty shall my passion move,

Nor shall my fond believing heart be led,
 By mutual vows and oaths betray'd,
 To hope for truth from the protesting maid.
 With love the sprightly joys of wine are fled;
 The roses too shall wither now
 That us'd to shade and crown my brow,
 And round my cheerful temples fragrant odour'd.
 But tell me, Cynthia! say, bewitching Fair!
 What mean these sighs? why steals this falling tear?
 And when my struggling thoughts for passage strove,
 Why did my tongue refuse to move?
 Tell me, can this be any thing but love?
 Still with the night my dreams my griefs renew,
 Still she is present to my eyes,
 And still in vain I as she flies pursue.
 O'er woods, and plains, and seas, the scornful maid

HOR. LIB. I. EPIST. IV.

AD ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

ALBI, nostrorum sermonum candide iudex,
 Quid nunc te dicam faterè in regione Pedanâ
 Scribere quod Cossi Parmensis opuscula vincat?
 An tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres
 Curantem quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est?
 Non tu corpus eras sine pectore. Dî tibi formam,
 Dî tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.
 Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
 Quam sapere, et fari ut possit quæ sentiat, et utque
 Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abundè.

Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumena?
 Inter spem, curamque, timores inter et iras;
 Omnia crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.
 Grata superveniet, quae non sperabitur, hora.
 Me pinguem, et nitidum bene curata cute vises,
 Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. IV.

IMITATED.

TO RICHARD THORNHILL, ESQ. †.

THORNHILL! whom doubly to my heart commend
 The critick's art and candour of a friend,
 Say what thou dost in thy retirement find
 Worthy the labours of thy active mind?
 Whether the Tragick Muse inspires thy thought
 To emulate what moving Otway wrote,
 Or whether to the covert of some grove
 Thou and thy thoughts do from the world remove,
 Where to thyself thou all these rules dost show
 That good men ought to practise or wise know?
 For sure thy mass of man is no dull clay,
 But well inform'd with the celestial ray.
 The bounteous gods, to thee completely kind,
 In a fair frame enclos'd thy fairer mind,
 And though they did profusely wealth bestow
 They gave thee the true use of wealth to know.
 Could ev'n the nurse wish for her darling boy
 A happiness which thou dost not enjoy?

† Who fought the duel with Sir Chelmondley Deering.

M

What can her fond ambition ask beyond
 A soul by wisdom's noblest precepts crown'd;
 To this fair speech and happy utterance join'd,
 T' unlock the secret treasures of the mind,
 And make the blessing common to mankind;
 On these let health and reputation wait,
 The favour of the virtuous and the great;
 A table cheerfully and cleanly spread,
 Stranger alike to riot and to need;
 Such an estate as no extremes may know,
 A free and just disdain for all things else below.
 Amidst uncertain hopes and anxious cares,
 Tumultuous strife and miserable fears,
 Prepare for all events thy constant breast,
 And let each day be to thee as thy last.
 That morning's dawn will with new pleasure rise
 Whose light shall unexpected bless thy eyes.
 Me when to Town in winter you repair
 Batt'ning in ease you'll find sleek, fresh, and fair;
 Me, who have learn'd from Epicurus' lore
 To snatch the blessings of the flying hour,
 Whom ev'ry Friday at The Vine † you'll find,
 His true disciple and your faithful friend.

THE STORY

OF GLAUCUS AND SCYLLA,

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK XIII.

HERE ceas'd the nymph, the fair assembly broke,
 The seagreen Nereids to the waves betook,

† A tavern in Long-Acre.

While Scylla fearful of the wide-spread main
 Swift to the safer shore returns again;
 There o'er the sandy margin unarray'd
 With printless footsteps flies the bounding maid;
 Or in some winding creek's secure retreat
 She bathes her weary limbs and shuns the noonday's heat.
 Her Glaucus saw as o'er the deep he rode,
 New to the seas, and late receiv'd a god;
 He saw, and languish'd for the virgin's love;
 With many an artful blandishment he strove
 Her flight to hinder and her fears remove,
 The more he sues the more she wings her flight,
 And nimbly gains a neighb'ring mountain's height.
 Steep shelving to the margin of the flood
 A neighb'ring mountain bare and woodless stood;
 Here by the place secur'd her steps she stay'd,
 And trembling still her lover's form survey'd.
 His shape, his hue, her troubled sense appal,
 And dropping locks that o'er his shoulders fall:
 She sees his face divine and manly brow
 End in a fish's wreathy tail below:
 She sees, and doubts within her anxious mind
 Whether he comes of god or monster kind.
 This Glaucus soon perceiv'd; and "Oh! forbear,
 (His hand supporting on a rock lay near)
 "Forbear," he cry'd, "fond Maid! this needless
 "Nor fish am I nor monster of the main,
 "But equal with the wat'ry gods I reign;
 "Nor Proteus nor Palemon me excel,
 "Nor he whose breath inspires the sounding shell.

" My birth it is true I owe to mortal race;
 " And I myself but late a mortal was;
 " Ev'n then in seas, and seas alone, I joy'd;
 " The seas my hours and all my cares employ'd;
 " In meshes now the twinkling pray I drew;
 " Now skilfully the slender line I threw;
 " And silent sat the moving float to view;
 " Not far from shore there lies a verdant mead;
 " With herbage half and half with water spread;
 " There nor the horned heifers browsing stray;
 " Nor shaggy kids nor wanton lambskins play;
 " There nor the founding bees their nectar cult;
 " Nor rural swains their genial chaplets pull;
 " Nor flocks, nor herds, nor mowers, haunt the place;
 " To crop the flow'rs or cut the bushy grass;
 " Thither (sure first of living race) came I;
 " And sat by chance my dropping nets to dry;
 " My scalps prize in order all display'd,
 " By number on the green sword there I laid;
 " My captives whom or in my nets I took
 " Or hung unwary on my wily hook;
 " Strange to behold! yet what avails a lie?
 " I saw them bite the grass as I sat by;
 " Then sudden darting o'er the verdant plain;
 " They spread their fins as in their native main.
 " I paus'd, with wonder struck, while all my prey
 " Left their new master and regain'd the sea;
 " Amaz'd, within my secret self I fought;
 " What god, what herb, the miracle had wrought:
 " Not he whose breath inspires the founding bell.

" But sure no herbs have pow'r like this, I cry'd,
 " And straight I pluck'd some neighb'ring herbs and
 " try'd.
 " Scarce had I bit and prov'd the wondrous taste
 " When strong convulsions shook my troubled breast;
 " I felt my heart grow fond of something strange, 66
 " And my whole nature lab'ring with a change.
 " Restless I grew, and ev'ry place forsook,
 " And still upon the seas I bent my look.
 " Farewell for ever, farewell Land! I said, 70
 " And plung'd amidst the waves my sinking head.
 " The gentle pow'rs who that low empire keep
 " Receiv'd me as a brother of the deep;
 " To Tethys and to Ocean old they pray
 " To purge my mortal earthy parts away: 75
 " The wat'ry parents to their suit agreed,
 " And thrice nine times a secret charm they read,
 " Then with lustrations purify my limbs,
 " And bid me bathe beneath a hundred streams;
 " A hundred streams from various fountains run, 80
 " And on my head at once come rushing down.
 " Thus far each passage I remember well,
 " And faithfully thus far the tale I tell,
 " But then oblivion dark on all my senses fell. }
 " Again at length my thought reviving came 85
 " When I no longer found myself the same;
 " Then first this seagreen beard I felt to grow,
 " And these large honours on my spreading brow;
 " My long descending locks the billows sweep, 89
 " And my broad shoulders cleave the yielding deep;

" My fishy tail, my arms of azure hue;
 " And ev'ry part divinely chang'd I view;
 " But what avail these useles honours now?
 " What joys can immortality bestow?
 " What tho' our Nereids all my form approved?
 " What boots it while fair Scylla scorns my love?
 " Thus far the god, and more he would have said,
 " When from his presence flew the ruthless maid,
 " Stung with repulse in such disdainful sort
 " He seeks Titanian Circe's horrid court.

ON CONTENTMENT.

FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD.

MANY that once by Fortune's bounty rear'd
 Amidst the wealthy and the great appear'd,
 Have wisely from those envy'd heights declin'd,
 Have sunk to that just level of mankind,
 Where not too little nor too much gives the true
 peace of mind.

ON THE LAST JUDGMENT,

AND THE

HAPPINESS OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD.

IN that bless'd day from ev'ry part the just
 Rais'd from the liquid deep or mould'ring dust,

† In his *Meditationes Sacrae*.

The various products of Time's fruitful womb,
 All of past ages, present, and to come,
 In full assembly shall at once resort, 5
 And meet within high Heav'n's capacious court.
 There famous names rever'd in days of old,
 Our great forefathers there we shall behold,
 From whom old stocks and ancestry began,
 And worthily in long succession ran. 10
 The rev'rend fires with pleasure shall we greet,
 Attentive hear while faithful they repeat
 Full many a virtuous deed and many a noble feat. }
 There all those tender ties which here below }
 Or kindred or more sacred friendship know } 15
 Firm, constant, and unchangeable, shall grow.
 Refin'd from passion and the dregs of sense
 A better, truer, dearer, love from thence }
 Its everlasting being shall commence. } 19
 There like their days their joys shall ne'er be done,
 No night shall rise to shade Heav'n's glorious sun,
 But one eternal holyday go on. 22 }

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